THE AUSTRALIAN

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

January 27, 1945

PRICE 3D

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

New hats

See page 11

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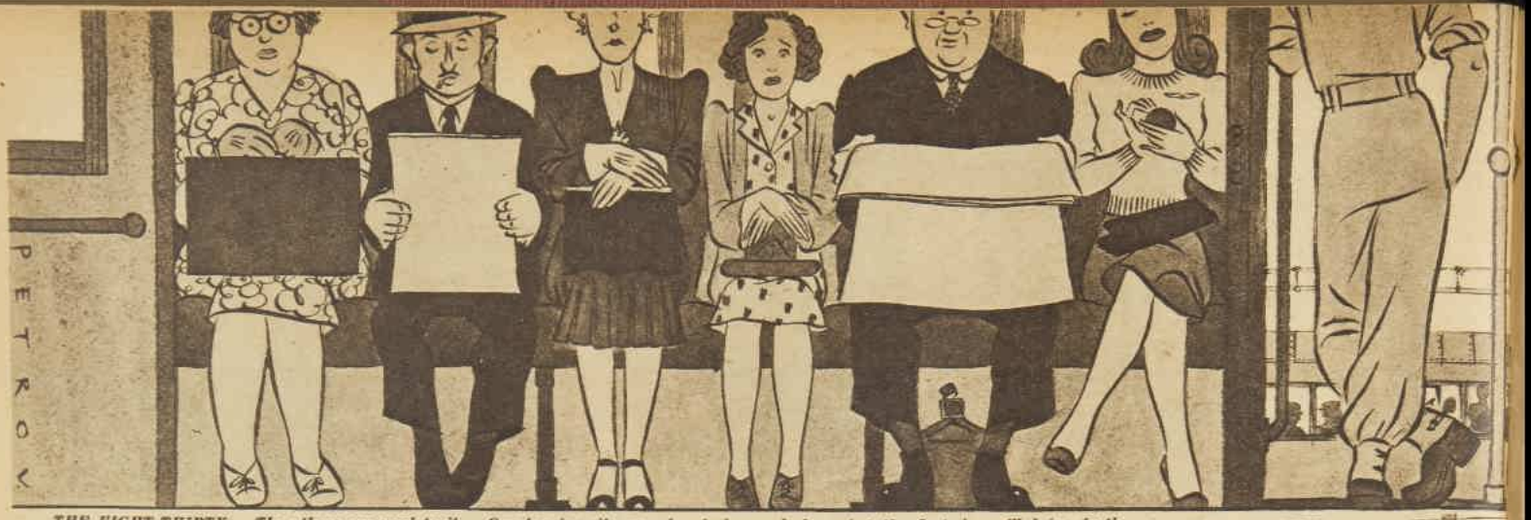


*THE EIGHT-THIRTY. The others are used to it. Our heroine sits apprehensively wondering what the first day will bring forth.*

# OUT IN THE COLD HARD WORLD

*By JANE SIMPSON*

**● Going to work! Now as a new batch of boys and girls board the workers' buses and trams, I am moved, after many years at the treadmill, to wonder how they fare these days.**

WHEN you have been trundling up and down the same street to the city like an ant, day after day, and week after week, back into the dim ages, it is vaguely astonishing to throw your mind back to that first day at the office, the first pay envelope.

The other night I was present at a momentous discussion on what the daughter of the family should wear for her first appearance in the halls of commerce.

Should she wear stockings, and ought she to wear a hat? And, if so, what sort of a hat. She didn't want to look like a schoolgirl, and mother didn't want her to appear too sophisticated.

And when she got to the office, no doubt, somebody with an artificial absent smile said, "You're the new girl?" and gave her a couple of perfunctory introductions, and threw her to the wolves.

Heavens, that first day!

There ought to be a professional greeter in big offices (someone who could also be used for being polite to clients) who would say, just once or twice, "Yes, that's very nice."

For it is on that day, as the clock crawls round after 3.30, the hour that used to mean freedom at school, that you realise for the first time what has happened.

Suddenly it hits you—now you will never be a famous actress, a prima donna, or a celebrated novelist. You are now a wage slave, and for years and years this is where you'll be coming.

Your mother said: "Never mind, dear; if you don't like it, just remember it's only the way you earn your living. It's not your life."

Isn't it, indeed, you think to yourself. A third of your life, anyway, and another third spent asleep.

This panic wears off, of course, once you are used to the fact that all that examination swotting was for nothing better than typing envelopes, running messages, or making cups of tea.

That is usually one of the great disappointments.

For a couple of years you've had well battered into you the story that if you don't pass this last examination you'll never get a job, ever.

You imagine dreary years of unemployment, and put on a final spurt to pass.

This great triumph has colored the holidays, pleased all the relatives—and when you get to the office, shop, or factory, who cares?

**Maybe the boss does, but you are not likely to speak to him, and to no one else does it seem of the slightest moment whether you got an A or a B in algebra.**

Nor for that matter do the co-workers care if you shone in the hundred yards or were a star of the basketball team.

As it seems impossible to introduce these triumphs as a subject of light conversation in the lunch-room, you reluctantly put them away with the rest of your childhood.

I suppose similar thoughts went through the heads of the young men who started work in my vintage, between the wars.

Probably they felt worse, poor dears, because at least we were lured on by the prospect of marrying a millionaire or having our exceptional beauty recognised by a talent scout in a milk bar one fine day.

However, in a day or two you cheer up. If you're a girl and, therefore, romantically inclined as we all are, you start to eye off the young men.

Nowadays, with the war and so many women in men's jobs, there can't be so much of that, but in my day you surveyed them all as date possibilities.

I well remember the bitter blow during my first week at work, when I heard the handsome, ginger-headed young man in the lovely striped silk shirt mention his fiancee.

And I also remember the old woman of 24 who was quite kind to me and advised that I'd look a whole lot better if I wore some rouge, and to look in the mirror when I put my hat on.

Not that I suggest that all girls who start work lack a clothes sense.

Take my friend May, for instance. She was already running up natty little numbers for herself and experimenting with mascara when she started to earn her living.

However, these manifestations alarmed a spinster aunt of hers, who adjured her solemnly and often during the preceding Christmas holidays to be very, very careful.

**The result was that she spent her first few weeks in abject terror of MEN.**

On no account, the aunt had said, was May ever to "work back" unless at least one other girl was present, preferably one a bit long in the tooth.

"Working back," she was given to understand, was a term used to cloak all sorts of sinister goings-on.

May, being almost uninformed about the facts of life then, says that the words "working back" still sound slightly improper to her.

The consequence of these warnings was that she behaved quite oddly for a while, dropping her eyelashes whenever spoken to.

An old friend of her father's worked in the office. This respectable and elderly gentleman one day asked her to lunch, but May said demurely that no, thank you, she had an appointment, and scuttled off to eat her sandwiches behind a filing cabinet.

All this wore off after a while, as May's boss was a very harassed middle-aged man, with six children, who paid her no attention except to bark when she didn't put sugar in his tea.

That tea-making! How you long for the day when you can sit back and complain that there's a crack in your cup, like all the old ladies who have been in the office five or six years or more.

There is another great trial about the first weeks at the office, and that is the special language used by the other workers.

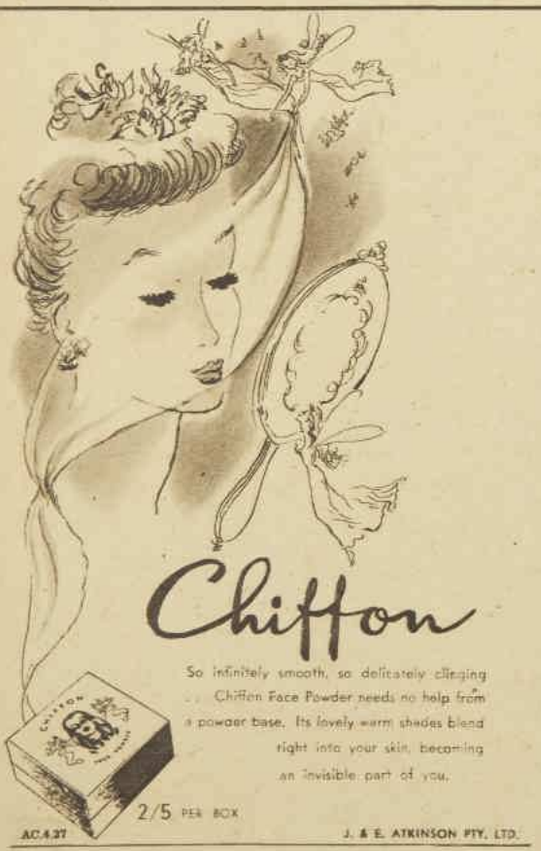
Every job, and every store, factory, and office has its own jargon.

**For the first couple of weeks you listen mystified to the abbreviations and the disrespectful nicknames. Then you try them on your outraged family, who inquire coldly what you mean.**

But, ah, the pay envelope. That is indeed a bright spot. It takes quite a while for you to realise that this new financial arrangement (board and lodging to mother, and look after yourself with the rest) doesn't really put you in the Doris Duke Cromwell class.

In a while will come the income tax, the envy of the fatter envelopes. For the present it is a joy beyond compare to buy your sixpence-worth of sandwiches with money which is your own.

*"Scuttled behind a filing cabinet to eat her lunch."*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# When you get your Wish

by

# DALE COLLINS

PUBLIC LIBRARY 25 JAN 1945 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

*He almost forgot, in this fascinating setting, that he had really come to buy a baby's cot.*

**Excitement in the Brown household —first story of a delightful series**

THE night Assistant Press Censor Brown came to me and said, "Listen, I've a story about this war which might sell—a true kind of story," I knew the simple fellow was barking up the wrong tree.

I said, "Are there beautiful spies in Lisbon and the Clipper and all? Do bombs crash down on St. Paul's while an American correspondent flashes out to New York an uncensored story about the Second Front on a secret wireless set?"

"No," said Press Censor Brown, "those things don't happen—and anyway, how could he have a secret wireless set?" He was a cluck like that—Press Censor Brown. He'd never sell a quarter of a million copies of "I Saw Britain Inside Out." A bit dumb. Yet he would go on talking . . .

When my wife and I knew we were going to have this baby it came as quite a surprise, but a pleasant one, if you know what I mean. We hadn't minded about having a baby for the five years we'd been married. I mean we hadn't—well, we hadn't minded whether we had this baby or not, but we'd preferred we did. And nothing had happened.

And then, well into the fourth winter of war, and the fourth winter of utter blackout, and the fourth winter of raw cold, and with fuel becoming more than ever a problem, and all the other tiresome little things one had to put up with, such as no central heating and no help, and—well—no nothing much—then we had our wish. You know in the cruel fairy stories—and a surprising number of fairy stories are cruel, come to think of it—when you get your wish, then you wish you hadn't got it, and so it all cancels out. Midge, that's my wife, and I began to think.

Here we were then. We'd got our wish. But the wet fogs were coming seeping across from the Thames, and the cottage used to be a coachman's cottage, and friends from overseas who came to London would find it darling and cute, but there were wet patches in the ceiling, and floor coverings rotted, and there was just three-quarters of a ton of coal, and no more coming along, and fuel and gas and light would have to be rationed, sure as eggs.

But as I say: we had our wish.

And we were happy about that. It was kind of silly, but we were.

And then came the question of getting warm clothes for this baby when it was born in the cold winter of war in the British Isles. A baby's napkin used a coupon, and you only got 60 all told. A nightie cost four coupons. My hat! every time you looked at anything—coupons went. And anyway, those napkins took 24 out of 60.

But if you get your wish, you've got to manage.

Midge used to work in France in the old days. The careful French have a way of using a mere patch of material and helping out with gauze. (Though, mind you, gauze is hard to come by.) But this is all domestic stuff, and wouldn't interest you.

Anyway, as I see it, a baby could live in a sugar sack, if it were near enough to its mother's heart.

They did in the pioneer countries, in the days when people used to be tough until they all became softer than the British, who everyone knows were considered a bunch of softies.

But napkins aren't everything.

I turned over to Midge suddenly in the night, and I said: "Midge, stupid, look here—we've done a pretty awful thing."

"Well," she said, "what have we done that's so awful? Didn't you marry me properly, or something?"

That reminded me.

"Yes, sir," I said. "In St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in Trafalgar Square. And when you came to me there—all radiant—I said, 'Why, hello, Midge!' and just had to kiss you, right away, in front of the altar, which wasn't in the book at all. And the nice young parson blinked and looked delighted, and managed to give us a lovely private service just to ourselves, with the tourists in there and all, and then we sent him that tin of Devonshire cream when we were on our honeymoon, remember?"

"Oh, no," Midge said, laughing at me. "Why should I be remembering all that? But I did look nice, didn't I? I mean when I came into St. Martin's in my little blue hat, and you were standing there, and you said, 'Why, hello, Midge!' right out loud. But what about the awful thing?"

"Yes," I said. "Listen, Midge. This poor kid of ours. Here it's coming early next year and look what a world we're in. We know what a blitz is. They'd heard broadcasts and seen flicks and read stuff in Australia and America and all these places—but you and I—we know. For them out there it's not so different from what the floods in China used to be when a million were drowned and ten million rendered homeless.

"Well, so what? Terrible about the five people killed in the bus accident down the street. Yes, terrible! Well, if we hadn't known about blitzes, having this baby would have been just ignorance. But we knew. And we know the worst may be still to come."

Then Midge put her arm over me, quiet like. She has a soothing sort of arm.

"Yes," said Midge, "this is quite a bad time for having a baby, I agree. Quite a bad time, if you face it. But do you, you fathead, imagine there ever was a right time? Do you, fathead? There were people back in nineteen-twenty, when war had been banished from the earth. They had babies then—in safety and security, with all the peace there was ahead of them—and Leagues of Nations and all that—and listen, sweet, those babies are now flying Spitfires and going down into the sea in submarines and dying in blazing oil from torpedoed tankers.

"So supposing we don't get a direct hit—supposing we live through this—the three of us—perhaps this child might grow up in a better world, and perhaps not. But anyway, there must be babies, or what are the babies of yesterday fighting for?

"And what happens to the world? Now please go to sleep. Do stop fretting your sweet self, and if there's an alert don't worry, because you're not on fire-watching until to-morrow. Get some sleep. You need it."

I went to sleep. You have to consider a wife when she's like that.

But that's all on the ethical side, which isn't the point at all. Let's get down to the practical.

The question of furnishings arises. You have to have an amazing amount of furnishings for a child. I'd never realised. The In-Laws are fine. They sought round everywhere, and finally found us a second-hand pram. (You ought to see the new prams, when you can get them. Soap-boxes on wheels wouldn't blush.) But the In-Laws hunted round and round and round, and finally got us a pram that any baby would be proud to lie in. They're hard to come by these days, prams like that. But the In-Laws got one.

It seems you must have a cot for a baby.

And you ought to see the cots they offer you for ten or fifteen pounds. Plywood. Why, our baby would kick one of them to bits in its first week. So we would have to get a second-hand again, and that's not easy either, for everyone has had the same idea, and ours isn't the first war baby, though it feels like that to us.

We put an advertisement in our local paper. By one of those whims of compositors it appeared in the Situations Vacant, which left everyone up in the air. We had twenty-three letters asking how much we wanted for the cot. The paper put it in the right column next week, and not a soul replied.

I don't know whether they have this system in other places, but here you can put an advertisement in a newsagent's showcase for threepence a week. My wife did that—in all the newsagents for miles round. She's very busy where this baby is concerned—busy as a hive of bees.

She was out one day at the clinic, and I was at home with my feet up. The theory in being a Press Censor is that you do 24 hours on, and then have 24 hours off to make merry in, but, like most theories, it doesn't work out that way. In the make-merry time you mostly sleep. A knock at the door woke me, and I went out and found a little man with a cot for sale if I went to the address on this envelope. His English was perfect, but even in my dopy state I still thought: what a nice little old Frenchman. I thanked him, and went back to my chair.

But if you're going to be a father in the fourth winter of war in Britain you mustn't put your feet up when there's a cot for sale.

"I must be crazy," I said.

So I grabbed my wallet and panted off.

The address was on Windsor Hill. It is a lovely part. Just round the corner from us. Near the Castle, and very historic. You see the American troops wandering round and gazing about and liking it. At least I think they're liking it. No, I know they are. You can tell. You want to talk to them, but you're too shy. They're shy, too. You kind of look at each other, and then go on.

The address, then, was a small, old Georgian house called, for some reason, Verdun. Red brick, with narrow-paned windows, and much past its prime. Rooms to let. But on the door was a small plate: Professor A. Piccard, Graduate of the University of Lyons, Teacher of French and Translator. Two rings.

I pulled the old brass bell twice, and the door opened quickly like the door of a cuckoo clock, and out popped a brown bird of a woman with bright black eyes. She was so neat and compact that it was only at second glance that you saw she was quite old. I'd thought she was a young girl. Spry as you'd wish.

Please turn to page 4

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# When You Get Your Wish

Continued from page 3

THE Professor, it seemed, had not come back yet—so I'd let no grass grow under my feet—but yes, the cot was to be seen. First, said madame, head cocked in anxious inquiry, had I the horror of birds?

You couldn't be so clumsy as to gape at madame, so I told her gravely that I had not such a horror.

"I must ask," she explained. "They fly about, our birds. Some have the horror of them. But to us foreigners in a foreign country they are the fine company. We should have loneliness without them."

I said I could quite understand that. The polite lie seemed the proper thing when talking to madame. She led the way, but not into a room in an old Georgian house on Windsor Hill. No, I stepped into a room in Lyons, or perhaps Verdun. There was a smell of beeswax and clean dust, and huge oil paintings covered the walls. They weren't good paintings. They were of classical subjects with large pink ladies swathed with painful modesty in drifts of discreet gossamer.

They had been bought sixty — seventy — eighty years ago by Grandpere Picard, when that artistic young man from the provinces visited Paris. Now they were heirlooms which could not be left behind even when France fell and one fled from the Hun.

For even in that first second my mind had decided that this was an escape story from enemy-occupied or neutral territory, and must be handled accordingly. No names, lest relatives left behind should suffer, no information about route or means of escape. All the instructions came into my head. You get like that after two years as a Press censor. You find yourself wanting to cut a reference to the weather in a book by Dickens.

It was strange to be in France, and thinking as a British censor.

A great flutter of wings startled me. You don't need to have the horror of birds to be startled when a tremendous jackdaw flutters down from the top of a tallboy and lands on your hostess' shoulder.

The bird was nearly as big as madame. He was neat and bright, too, and he had her eyes.

"This is Cocco," said madame. "He is dear to us. He flies out of the window, but always he comes back again. How are you, my Cocco?"

Cocco opened his great beak and croaked harshly; he spread his wings and folded them again. "Cocco has been with us the ten years," said madame.

Again I didn't let my face betray me into rudeness. What an escape story! Not only had they fled to the foreign country where they were still so strange and lost, but they had succeeded in bringing France with them—France and their jackdaw—and establishing their Verdun on Windsor Hill. In this fascinating setting, I almost forgot that I had really come to buy a baby's cot.

Cocco flew across and perched on a typewriter which looked more like an early and complex attempt at a reaper and binder.

"It must have been very difficult, madame," I said, "travelling with Cocco."

Madame looked mystified.

"Ah, but no! But no!" she cried. "He has not come with us from France. We get him here. We are thirty years here in Windsor in this house."

If it hadn't been for madame I'd have sworn in astonishment. For everything denied this statement: the very smell of the place, the ornaments, the furniture, the kind of discreet gloom, the certainty that there would be nowhere comfortable to sit down. The paper "France Libre" lying on the table looked almost out of place.

"If you please to step quickly into the other room," said madame. "I must close the door after us. Cocco is jealous of that other one."

I did as she asked, and was in the kitchen-bedroom of a small farm in France. I didn't like to look about; I didn't need to. The garlic hanging by the stove, the bunch of herbs, the bed deep and billowingly bumpy. All the rest would match. Yes, I'd been lucky to find someone who spoke such good English in a countrified corner of France.

A small flutter of wings, and a sparrow nestled in madame's open hand and sat content.

"This is my Zouzou," said madame. "He falls from a nest when he has no feathers, and we rear him up. He is most happy here. And it is nice for us—alone—among foreigners—in a strange country. Our birds—they are our children."

Now that seemed a strange thing for somebody selling a cot to say—that a jackdaw and a sparrow were their children.

But that wasn't my business. The cot was. I'm no expert, but I saw this was a good cot, brown and old and solid. No ugly little figures painted on plywood. The mattress was old, but it wasn't filled with ersatz padding. I said I'd take it—and would I!—and asked the price.

"One must ask one pound and eighteen shillings," said madame, almost apologetically.

Trying not to blush, I insisted it would be easier to make it the even two pounds.

A peasant lady is not accustomed to haggling like that. She looked alarmed. As if the money could not be good, since I offered more than the price. But I had a comfortable feeling that madame liked me because, at least, I had not the horror of birds, even if I was an English milord flinging my money away.

I went to get a taxi, because now I had the cot I was all in a rush to get back to Midge. When I got back I almost expected "Verdun" to have vanished, like a house in a fairytale. But it was there with madame, Cocco, Zouzou, and all. I carried the cot out, and returned for the mattress.

"Perhaps," said madame, a little wistfully, "when the baby has come your wife and you would allow monsieur and myself to call upon you for five o'clock tea. We have few friends here in England. It would be nice to see the little infant," said madame, whose children were a jackdaw and a sparrow. "We could," she added, as a shameless bribe, "bring Cocco with us to show you his tricks. That is, if you don't have the cat."

I promised madame we wouldn't have a cat that day, anyway.

As I was going through the outer room, the mattress on my shoulder, I saw on the mantelpiece a photograph of a Frenchman in the thirties in R.A.F. uniform, with the "France" flash on his arm. The photograph stood in a homemade frame carved from soft wood, with a pattern of the double cross of Lorraine. It was draped in black crepe of the fusty, dusty kind you see only in France.

But you couldn't ask madame about such a thing as that.

MIDGE was back when I got home. She wanted to know why I looked so pleased with myself, and I carried in the cot. Midge looked at it as if it were a kind of miracle.

"Where in heaven's name have you found a French peasant cot?" she asked, almost as if she wanted to cry.

"What—don't tell me I've done the wrong thing," I said anxiously.

"But it's perfect," said Midge mistily.

I told her then how I'd picked it up in the French village of Verdun-sur-Windsor-Hill, and I told her I thought it was a fine cot with quite a bit of history to it, and no matter how strong our kid was he wouldn't be able to knock it to bits. I told her about everything—as you do when you're married—and we stood, looking at the kid's cot for quite a while, just kind of thinking about cots and the babies that lie in them and then grow up and go on . . .

When Press Censor Brown finished he asked me, anxiously, what I thought. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I said I'd put it down for him. "Mind," I warned, "I don't promise to work on it. Too big a gamble. It doesn't give any picture of life in Britain in wartime. For instance, there when your missus says if you hear an alert you're not to worry. Everyone knows as soon as the sirens go you've got to rush down into shelters."

"But we don't," said Press Censor Brown. "That's just the point. Midge and I have only been in a shelter once, and that was when they called the meeting to organise the fire-fighting party in our street. In the big raids we just stay put."

It was no use me telling him you've got to stick to the conventions or a story doesn't ring true. He had some wild idea that if we sold his tale he ought to go back and shove some more money through the letter-box at Verdun, and ring twice, and beat it. He's that kind of a dumb little cluck. Simple. You meet 'em like that. And the way he goes on about the baby! You'd think it was something unique.

(Copyright)

● *Another fascinating story in this series by celebrated Australian author Dale Collins will appear shortly.*

## Drought

*NOT a movement in the pine trees, not a waver in the grass,*
*And a ball of fire which blazes from a sea of molten brass,*
*The stock are moving forward, leaving dust clouds in the air,*
*Stockmen slouching in the saddles, herding onward, God knows where.*
*The crops are brown and stunted and the grazing blocks are bare,*
*For the water gave out weeks ago, and all that's left is glare.*

*Above the dried-up waterhole, the crows that wheel and caw,*
*Are gloating o'er the spectacle of stock that move no more,*
*And still the grand old Kurrajong throws shade upon the plain,*
*But underneath the flocks that rest will never rise again.*
*The trees are shedding fast their leaves, their gaunt limbs almost bare,*
*For the water gave out weeks ago, and all that's left is glare.*

*The drover's herd is smaller now, his stock can hardly stand,*
*His trail is lined with corpses and he curses at the land,*
*There's no water in a hundred miles—his stock are doomed to die,*
*While the molten blazing orb above still rules the cloudless sky.*
*With evening comes the darkness, and the glare is put to rout,*
*The pallid moon shines, ghostly, on the carnage of the drought.*

—SGT. R. TRESIDDER.


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# THE BLUE LETTER

*Romantic short story by Australian author . . .*

**NORMA F. ROBINSON**

*She was remembering her meeting with Bob . . . when he picked up the parcels she had dropped.*

NANCY thought of John as she lay across the bed, the unopened letter in her hand, its bold, black writing standing out clearly on the blue envelope.

Blue notepaper seemed effeminate for a man's use, but not when that man was John. She appreciated the significance. Hadn't he said as he handed her those flowers, tied with a beautiful blue ribbon, "Blue means I love you, darling," and then he'd kissed her and she'd forgotten that he was an hour late, forgotten everything except that she loved him. She still had the blue ribbon.

She recalled how she had sat, fingering it, as she wrote him her last letter.

"It's months since you went away, dearest. Why haven't you written—"

And now a blue letter. Just like John.

There was only one John, one irresponsible, lovable, likeable John, laughing and joking his way through life. But he hadn't always been flippant and boyish. That night on the beach, with the moon casting its golden glow on the black ebbing and flowing ocean, when he had first told her he loved her, he was a man then and you loved him till it hurt, so much so that when you returned his avowal of love your voice broke before you could finish.

And then they'd sent him away.

How many years ago did it seem? It wasn't even as if they'd had time to prepare for it. Just a phone call.

"Darling, they're sending me away!" It couldn't have been right, but he'd repeated it as if it hadn't been heard. "I'm going away, dear, can you hear me?"

She couldn't remember how she had found strength enough to answer him.

"Yes, John, I can hear you. But it won't be for a while yet, will it?"

She had known what the answer would be before it came.

"It's straight away, Nan. I shan't even be able to come round to say good-bye. But I'll write, darling—every day. And I shan't stop loving you. It's going to be bad, sweetheart, but it can't be forever. Tell me you love me, and then hang up. It's got to be over quickly."

Was it her voice that had said, "I love you, John," and then it was over, and nothing but the silence of the room, that deadly empty silence, and the ticking of the clock.

She hadn't realised what loneliness was until he had gone. The days that, prior to their meeting, had been so full now seemed endless and empty without him. Funny how he'd taken over her whole life, ever since the first night they'd met.

Nancy smiled as she thought of it. Molly had asked her to "fill in" on a foursome. You know the sort of thing, when a soldier brings his mate along and expects you to find a girl. She'd been the girl.

But it hadn't worked out that way. She'd seen him standing there, talking to Molly, laughing as he always was in days to come, and she hadn't noticed even poor Mike standing there, waiting for an introduction.

John had smiled and said, "Hello, Shorty," and she'd smiled back and weakly repeated his "Hello," while Mike and Molly had watched them, open-mouthed. She still felt that same swimming feeling even now when she thought of it.

After that it had been a succession of mad gaiety. Pictures with John, dancing with John, swimming with John. Nothing was complete without John.

And then, after two short, wonderful months they'd sent him away.

It was strange, at first, doing things without him, knowing that it may be an eternity before you saw him again.

And the waiting for his letters. She still had the first one, written the day he had arrived at R——. Broken, uneven phrases, that didn't even make sense, and yet you could almost feel it was John, standing here talking to you. Even his letters had that way of making you laugh—and making you love him more and more.

What a letter she'd written in reply that same day. Nancy laughed at it now. How childish it must have been. Just as the endless stream of others she had written to him—and received no reply.

It was funny how she could smile about it now, when it all looked so grim at the time.

Nancy looked again at the letter and remembered how she had felt when the other one had arrived. Just the same as this one, blue envelope, same writing. How she had dangled between extreme happiness and fearfulness for what seemed to be an eternity. How she had been too frightened to read its contents lest it be something she wished not to know. She could still remember how her heart had almost choked her as she read the lines written in that same bold writing on similar blue paper——

"Darling," it had read, "it's been so long. A year to be exact. A long, unendurable year trying to do the right thing for us both, by forgetting you. I've tried, Nan, but I've failed.

"When they sent me away from you, I had every intention of writing every day, writing long letters, telling you how I loved you and how I missed you. I was going to bring you down here and we'd have been married. Just think of it, darling. Married!

"But it wasn't to be.

"You know how I feel about my Army career. Well, to be frank, Nan, I realised that with me it was either a wife or promotion. I know it sounds cold-blooded now, but at the time it seemed right. I chose my career.

"I thought you would forget me in time, and I would do likewise. But I can't, darling. It's you all the time. I thought once I got my commission I could offer you something better, but it never came through, so I am offering myself, as I am.

"Please write and tell me you still love me, darling, and please let me come and see you on my next leave. Please!

"Forever yours,

"John."

Nancy sighed as she recalled it. What a child she must have been, what a silly, stupid child, to have taken him back. Yet with what certainty it had seemed the thing she wanted to do at the time.

She remembered how she had waited for him to come, the first night back, half expectantly, yet at the one time joyously happy.

Then she had seen him, even before he had seen her, and it had been a strange feeling she had experienced. Something like when she was a child waiting and saving her money to buy some toy, and when at last she had it for her own it didn't hold the glamor that it did while still in the shop window. Yet she knew she would never have liked to part with it.

He hadn't changed much in appearance. The year had made him a little morose, perhaps, but nothing very marked. Yet as they sat under the stars that night, happiness was not completely hers. There seemed to linger in her mind the thought of what he had made her suffer, a year ago.

Then presently he said:

"It can't be real, this happiness, darling. It can't really be you I'm holding in my arms and loving so. Tell me it's not a dream, darling. Say you love me now as you did before." It wasn't herself that had answered him, but the Nancy of a year ago, the Nancy so wildly, so madly in love with him. She had wanted to tell him how he had hurt her, how unfair, how selfish he'd been, but when he'd look at her it was different.

HE went on gently: "You understand, don't you, darling, that I had to do it. That it had to be. You don't think I'm selfish, do you? You don't blame me. I was only thinking of you." It would all seem as though it had been necessary, he had been right, and she, perhaps, had misjudged him, unfairly, and then she'd be back where she had started, again.

Nancy rose from the bed, the unopened letter still in her hand, and crossed the room to her dressing-table. Opening the drawer, she took from a box a paper clipping. John had looked his best that day, standing there with pride written all over his face.

"Sergeant John Andrews, one of the school of trainee officers, receiving his commission . . ."

Then he had gone away again; this time it would be different. She wouldn't mind only seeing him once a week, letting his studies take the rest of his time.

The first week-end had come and gone, then successive week-ends, then even the season had changed, and still no word. Nothing could possibly be as bad as a telephone that will not ring or a postman that brings no mail.

The three months had seemed like twelve before she heard his voice on the telephone again.

"Hello, Shorty!" The calendar flew back ten, twelve, eighteen months, and the same silly feeling seemed to fill her mind. She forgot what she had prepared to say to him when this occasion arose, forgot even to be cool and casual.

"It's Captain Andrews here, darling." So he'd made it, she had thought. Now he was ready to come back to her. He couldn't manage two things at a time. When it had pleased him, he'd calmly forgotten her for months on end, then, when all else failed to amuse him, he'd rush back again into her life to upset it again with a "Darling, I love you," and expect to take up where he had left off. How her pride had been hurt that day, to think how she had let him have the power to hurt her as he did. If she hadn't let him know that she loved him so entirely he wouldn't have been able to hurt her as he did.

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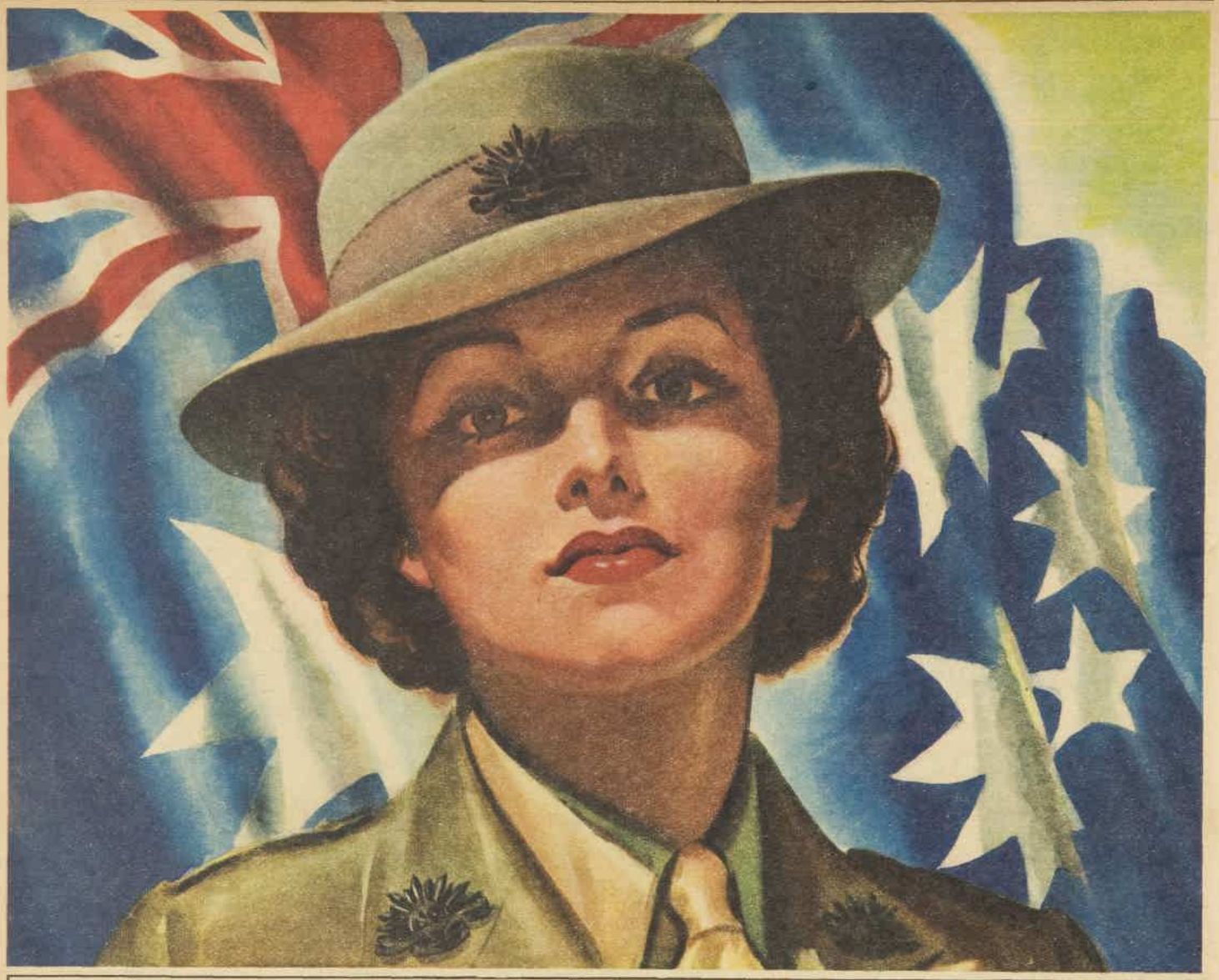

# "I said I'd never wear uniform ...but I couldn't stand back now!"

"I am not the sort of girl who normally joins Armies.

"I'm not an Amazon, a flag-flapper, or a hip-hurrah girl.

"I'm as interested in my hair-do, my make-up and my nails as *you* are . . . but I'd hate to have to admit, later on, that I 'flapped' whilst others fought.

"I've got a brother who is fighting. Perhaps, in your case, it's a father, or a cousin, or a boy-friend. Well . . . they've got a fierce job ahead of them. You and I can help to bring them home—with the job done—in shorter time than would otherwise be possible. How do *you* feel about it?"

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# OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE

***Snatching a chance advantage, Ford puts a wily scheme into action***

## By A. E. MARTIN

*TIMOTHY SPEEK, vindictive blind man, is shot dead. The coroner's verdict is suicide, but HARRY FORD, postmaster, who tells the story, knows facts not revealed at the inquest.*

*Speek's beautiful wife, HELEN, was carrying on a secret love affair with GARNET PRICE, wealthy young farmer. Shortly before her husband's death Ford saw her substitute a different chocolate for one he was about to eat, and remembered her receiving a mysterious registered packet that day. POLLY GARNER, spinster, tells him that she saw Speek die of poisoning, muttering "Ford—poison."*

*Ford's own affairs have recently taken a bad turn. In love with EILEEN MAHONEY, he tampered with a letter she had written to popular LARRY WARD, and made it read that she was rejecting Larry's offer of marriage in favor of his own. Larry disappeared after reading it, whereupon Ford wrote a proposal of marriage to Eileen, but learned soon afterwards that the secretary of the company in which his money was invested had absconded with all the funds.*

*He blackmails Polly Garner into silence. Brooding over his trouble at the Royal Hotel, where Helen and Price frequently come for meals with MRS. MARVEN, the vivacious proprietress, he thinks of a plan to make good his losses.*

*Now read on—*

ALL I had to decide was the right moment, and the right moment was, of course, when Garnet Price and Helen Speek and I were alone and unlikely to be interrupted. This was not easy to arrange. Price appeared determined to make his departure every time he saw a probability that he would be left with the woman, and, try as I might to manoeuvre them into the situation I required for my plan, I failed over and over again.

I had almost decided to speak to Mrs. Speek alone when chance stepped in and gave me the opportunity I wished. Helen had been in for luncheon as usual, but was not present at tea time. Price, however, was there, but excused himself early, saying he had to get back to his farm. I heard him, with that loud voice of his, calling the ostler to bring his horse to the front of the hotel.

After the meal I played a few games of euchre with Mrs. Marven, the bank clerk person, a visiting commercial, and Doctor Hansen, who for once had an hour or so to himself.

"And you deserve it, doctor," Mrs. Marven said. "I wonder you don't go off your head what with one thing and another. People ought to have more consideration than to go getting themselves sick at all hours of the night. If I was in Parliament I'd make a law, too, that no baby should start being born except in broad daylight, and the whole job would have to be over and done with by dusk."

I thought her indelicacy might offend and would have changed the subject, but Hansen laughed.

"Oh, it's all right to smile, doc," Mrs. Marven went on, "but it's not only you I'm thinking of. One of these nights you won't know whether you're on your head or your heels, and poor Mrs. Barmby will be getting my indigestion drops and I'll be having her baby."

"Really, Mrs. Marven," I said, and I thought the doctor seemed a bit annoyed. He said quietly, "Very awkward for you, I'm sure, Mrs. Marven."

When the game was over he bade us good-night and went home to what he hoped would be undisturbed slumber.

"Works too hard," the landlady commented as she returned after seeing him off the premises. "It isn't right."

For a while I sat on reading in the commercial-room, and at length decided to take a short stroll before turning in. It was fairly late, that is, late for that town, and dark. I was surprised, however, to see a light in Helen Speek's home, glimmering from the room in which the blind man had breathed his last.

Some instinct told me that Price was there with Helen, that his talk about going home had been meant to deceive us. I remembered how he had called for his horse in an unnecessarily loud voice.

Very quietly I walked up the longish path to the side entrance, avoiding the gravel. The door was shut and the blind down, but, stooping and peering, I managed to get a glimpse of the interior. Sure enough Price was there, sitting on the sofa alongside Helen. He was holding her hands, and they were very close together as they gazed into each other's eyes.

Gripping the handle of the door firmly I turned it slowly so that it made no sound, and gently pushed. It was not locked.

I stepped quietly into the room.

"Good evening," I said.

Price sprang to his feet, an angry frown on his brow, and faced me. "What the devil?" he began. But Helen was on her feet, too. She had paled, but regained her composure quickly.

"Why, Mr. Ford," she said, coming toward me, "I didn't hear you knock."

"I didn't knock," I said, "because I wanted to catch you together."

My choice of words was unfortunate. I had meant to convey that I wished to see them both at one and the same time, but Price preferred to read another meaning into them.

"And what do you mean by that?" he demanded, truculently.

"Please don't get excited, Mr. Price," I said. "I am here on a matter of business." I turned to Helen. "May I sit down?"

Silently she pushed a chair toward me.

"Please," I said, indicating the sofa. "You both looked so comfortable when I came in."

Price glared, but Helen put her hand on his arm and they sat down and waited for me to explain my visit.

I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out some share scrip.

"I fancied," I said, "that you—that is, one or both of you might care to buy these securities." I held out the scrip to Price. He hesitated, but took it.

"What is this, Ford?" he asked suspiciously, but I was pleased to note that the truculence had gone from his voice and there was concern in his tone. "It's a funny time to come talking share scrip, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," I returned lightly. "It occurs to me that it is nice and quiet at this hour, and that this is the very room in which this business should be transacted."

"But," he exclaimed in bewilderment, looking up from the document he held, "this is scrip for ——," and he mentioned the name of the company in which I had lost my fortune. "Why, man, it's worthless." He turned to Helen and explained: "The secretary defaulted. Got away with everything. The show's up the spout."

He looked at me keenly. "Surely you are not serious, Ford?"

"Oh, but I am," I told him. "I still have great faith in the shares."

"Oh, come, Ford," he said, "you can't expect me to believe that." He held the scrip out to me with an air of finality, but I thrust my hands in my breeches pockets and stared back at him.

"Don't be hasty, Mr. Price," I advised. "Look at the scrip again, please; and you, too, Mrs. Speek. You may remember promising to buy these shares on a former occasion—in this very room."

Price stared incredulously, but I believe Helen had some premonition of what was coming. However, she said, faintly enough: "I don't remember."

"Why, the man's mad," Price cried. I shook my head.

"Let me refresh your memory," I looked at Helen. "It was the night—forgive me, Mrs. Speek—that night your husband died. I recollect it quite well. It was before Mr. Speek shot himself. He was standing just here." I indicated a position near the small table. "You, Mrs. Speek, were here, and Mr. Price, you came in by this door and stood here. Surely you remember?"

Both continued to stare at me, but neither spoke.

"You can't so easily have forgotten that night?" I urged.

"You're crazy," Price shouted. "I was never here the night Speek died."

"Oh, come, come, Price," I said, "your memory's failing. Why, so many little details come to my mind! Let me see now. Oh, yes! Speek was talking about something. He'd mistaken you for Larry Ward."

I expected a furious outburst and a flood of denials, but none was forthcoming and I went on relentlessly.

"Let me think." I shut my eyes and pretended to concentrate. "Oh, yes! On this little table, I remember, there was a box of chocolates. Speek mentioned them. He selected two. He ate one and put the other on the table at his side. Then, I recollect, Mrs. Speek, you did a very strange thing. You took away the sweet he had placed before him and changed it with another you selected from the box. Being blind, your husband did not see."

Helen sank down upon the sofa from which she had slowly risen as I began my reconstruction of the scene I had witnessed, and gazed at me with eyes that were full of fear. It gave me a feeling of confidence and a new sense of power. But Price suddenly galvanised into life.

"You're a perjuring swine, Ford!" he shouted.

I put up a restraining hand.

"Please, Price," I said calmly, for I had been prepared for his violent outburst and could afford to ignore his insult. "Don't shout or perhaps Mrs. Speek may have to place her hand over your mouth—as she did on a former occasion."

At this Helen began to sob and Price turned to her.

"Helen!" he cried, wildly, "let me take this thing away and kill it."

She stood up and put both her arms round him.

"Don't, Garnet, please," she cried, sobbing. He held her closely, and in a moment or two she grew calmer and gently released herself and took the scrip from his clutching hand. She addressed me almost calmly.

"I understand, Mr. Ford—perfectly. You need money. Oh, you must need money very badly. And you wish to sell your securities."

"Exactly," I bowed.

She waited, thinking, then asked, quietly: "How much, Mr. Ford?"

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*Price flung the other man away with such force he stumbled and fell.*


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# Sailors don't weaken

***Once romance had been her dearest dream, but the Navy came first with her now.***

By DOROTHY BLACK

IT was raining in a grim, soggy fashion.

The bus heaved and tossed like a ship in a storm on a cement sea. They had left the town packed so close together that you couldn't, thought Claire, with a giggle, breathe out unless your neighbor breathed in.

Now that the crowd had departed it was much colder, like turning the central heating off. Claire suddenly stamped her frozen feet on the floor to try and get the circulation going again. When they began to mount the hill to the moor there was no one left but herself and the conductress.

"Still raining hard," said the conductress, peering into the darkness. "Hope we get through, and then I'm off for two days. But if you ask me, there won't be any more running through to-night. The driver says the nine o'clock won't get through." She turned and inspected Claire, and her canvas sausage with her name on it in black letters, and her neat blue uniform and little hat with the letters H.M.S. in gold and the rest a secret.

"Leave?" she asked.

Claire nodded.

"I'm just going to walk in on my parents and give them a surprise. I didn't have time to warn them I was coming."

"Well, fancy!" said the conductress, and added kindly, "I'm sure I hope you will find them at home."

It gave Claire quite a start, but she hadn't thought of that. Of course, they would be at home. They always were at home! But she found herself suddenly wishing she had telegraphed.

She had bought a paper down in Marlford, but there hadn't been any chance of opening it in the crowd . . . so she turned to it now, to try and forget that nasty idea of the conductress'. Even if something unheard of had taken her father and mother away, she told herself, Nannie would be there. Nannie was always there, unchanging.

The cement breakers seemed to be getting worse every minute. Reading was out of the question, and Claire had to content herself with looking at the pictures. They were much as usual. To-day's bride, smiling from one wisdom tooth to another. Funny, thought Claire, the way one's outlook changed.

Time was when she herself had thought a great deal about romance, and getting married. There had been very little else to think of. Now she did not envy to-day's bride. The girl seemed to be missing something. There was another matter much nearer Claire's heart, and she awaited promotion with more enthusiasm than she awaited the coming of love.

When she went back from her leave there was a marvellous job going. Three of them were up for it, and she stood a good chance, only she was rather young. That was the only thing against her, and it was no fault of hers.

A lot of it depended on the Selection Board you got. There were still in the Service men who didn't approve of women having responsibility. They said that the new commander, who was coming next week, was one of that kind. If that was true, he might even refuse to let her apply.

She turned the page and saw a man's face looking at her. A pleasant face, with candid smiling eyes. There was something vaguely familiar about it, she couldn't say why, till she realised that it was the type of face she had always admired.

She was a little disappointed to read the following caption by the dim light in the bus.

"Jack Everard, who escaped last night from Storndale prison, and is still at large . . . People are asked to look out for this man. Everard, who was once connected with the sea, will probably grow a beard and try to pass himself off as a sailor . ." That was a blow. He looked such a nice person. She stuffed the paper into her pocket, meaning to read about him when there was more light.

"Here you are, Miss . . . Crag Top," said the conductress, opening the door. "I hope you haven't far to go!" She peered unhappily out into the darkness. "Raining like nobody's business," she said.

"The drive gates are just along there," said Claire, humping her canvas sausage on to her shoulder. "Good-night."

"Good-night," replied the conductress, as the bus jerked her out of sight again.

It was certainly very dark, and appallingly quiet. There was no sound save the steady beat of the rain. She thought how wonderful it would be when the door opened and the warmth of the house thawed her out again.

She thought how delighted they would be to see her, her father and mother, and Nannie. For she was all they had, and they hadn't been overjoyed when she joined the Wrens.

There wasn't a chink of light anywhere, when at last she turned the corner and saw the house ahead of her. "The blackout," she thought. She stood for a moment, out of breath, and saw something more sinister still. No smoke at all was coming from the chimneys.

There was sudden panic in her heart as she hammered at the door.

. . . . .

Well, there was nothing for it now, but to face the unpleasant fact that there was nobody at home. Something quite extraordinary must have happened, and they had all gone away, even Nannie. It was raining more heavily. If the road wasn't blocked yet, it soon would be.

She must just break in somehow, and then telephone Marlford. The postmaster there would be able to tell her what had happened. Tears of sick disappointment stung in her eyes, but she blinked them away. Tears wouldn't help.

In the end she got in through the study window.

They must have gone off quite unexpectedly, in a great hurry. There were ashes in the study grate, and food all ready cooked in the larder. "Why, they're reduced to killing old Neddy," she said, chuckling, as she saw the goose cooked and garnished with parsley just as Nannie always did them.

She dumped her sausage in the hall, and went to the telephone. But she waited in vain for a voice the other side. The line was dead.

"Well!" said Claire, aloud. This certainly was a nice mess. It looked as if she would have to spend her leave here alone.

There was one comfort. Her room, she knew, would be ready. "Whenever you come back, your things will be waiting for you," Nannie had said, and when Nannie said a thing, it was so. Her fire was laid. It only took a minute to have a cheerful blaze there. "I shall just have to camp up here," she thought, "and pretend I'm a sailor cast up on a desert island."

She noticed with tender amusement that on the dressing-table, evidently placed there by Nannie when they still hoped she might get home for last Christmas, there was a box of crackers hoarded over from other years. Luxurious pre-war crackers, made in the old gay days.

The fire thawed her, and her spirits began to rise. Anyway, she was safe home. That was something. She would just have to wait till the weather changed, and then walk down to the village and telephone round till she found her missing family.

She pulled the net off her hair, and let her fair curls tumble all about her shoulders. Whoopee, seven whole days of not having to bother whether it hung over your collar or not.

The front door bell pealed suddenly, making her jump so that the hairbrush fell clattering on the floor. Who on earth—at this time of night, she wondered. And then her spirits rose. It might conceivably be one of them come back after all. Come back, and lost their key, and hoping to find the others come back also. She ran downstairs.

Whoever it was had rung was losing patience now and rattling the door. A voice cried without:

"Hi, ship ahoy. Is anyone at home?"

It wasn't anyone in the family. She knew that now. She opened the door. A man stood outside. He came right in, without waiting to be invited.

"Phew!" he said. "I thought I was going to freeze to death!" He stood beating his arms and slapping his hands together. He was dressed in shabby tweed clothes, the collar of his coat turned up so that only his eyes were showing. Candid, friendly eyes.

Jack Everard. She knew him at once. There wasn't the ghost of a doubt. Jack Everard, probably a desperate man, alone with her in an empty house. Her mind worked, cool and collected, in spite of the thudding of her heart. He mustn't guess there was no one. She knew what she had to do. So she said:

"Please don't make a noise, or you'll wake the children."

"Sorry." He whispered now, and she had to own that he seemed neither hurried nor perturbed. "Can you give me a shake-down for the night? I'm on my way up to town after leave, and the bus has got bogged, with all my kit aboard. I am a toil-worn son of the sea, and my name is Denzil Randolf."

He had it all off pat, as, of course, he would have. She looked at him, sorry, hating the thing she had to do, but knowing she must do it. The strongroom, she thought. It had bars on the windows, and iron bars you could fasten over the door, and an opening to one side she could feed him through. In days gone by they had incarcerated their enemies and troublesome relatives there, so history had it. Now it looked like being useful once again.

He was looking her up and down in a cool, appraising manner.

"So you're in the Navy, too!"

"Home on leave," she nodded. "It's grand fun."

She hoped that gave him the impression of a houseful of merry-makers. She left him and ran upstairs, taking the blankets off two beds on her way. There was no fireplace up there, and even an escaped convict couldn't be allowed to die of cold. The place smelt musty and uninviting, and the bed was probably damp.

It couldn't be helped.

When she went back to fetch him he was thoughtfully regarding the hat-stand on which an array of her father's old hats hung, mostly embellished with fishing flies. No doubt he was making his choice of which one would add to his disguise, thought Claire. She led the way upstairs.

"I say, thanks awfully," he said as he stepped into the room. "You have been generous with blankets, I see. That's kind. I've been abroad lately, and feel the cold—here, what's this. What are you doing?"

For the key had turned in the door, and the iron bar shot home. He peered at her through the slot. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

Claire said breathlessly: "You see, I happen to know who you are. I'm very sorry, but there's nothing else I can do about it. You'll find a bathroom through that door, but I'm afraid there is no hot water, because this house happens to be empty. I'm marooned, too."

"Listen, you silly little fool. I am Captain Randolf, R.N. You can ring up the Admiralty and inquire. They'll tell you."

"I can't ring up anyone, because the telephone is broken. I expect you know that. And the first person I shall ring when I can is the police inspector. You can talk to him."

He continued glaring at her. Saying things under his breath, and she had to own that some of them had a nautical ring. She left him, and went to her own room and picked up the paper again. Yes, there was no doubt whatever about it. She read the paragraph under the picture. They had sentenced him for selling information to the enemy.

He was leaning against the wall, peering through the opening, when she returned.

"Look here . . ." he began.

She handed him the paper.

"Just to show you you're wasting time telling pretty stories about yourself to me," she said gently. "I'll bring you up something to eat, in case you're hungry. The drop from your window, if you did manage to get through the bars, is sixty feet. Just in case it interests you to know."

She gave him a slice of old Neddie and a hunk of bread. When she returned he was reading the paper she had taken up, with a whimsical smile. He looked at her, raising one eyebrow, and there was no anger in his eyes, only a sort of resigned amusement.

"Too good a likeness . . . So the game's up, is it?"

She nodded, not looking at him. It would have been much easier if in her own secret heart she hadn't felt so sorry for him.

"Well, that's that . . . And you're going to hand me over to the police." His voice was soft now. There was an almost coaxing note in it. "You know, you don't look the sort of girl who'd do a thing like that."

"All the same, that's the kind of girl I am," she said, shortly. "Good-night." She couldn't help adding, "I hope you won't be terribly cold."

"I should say I would probably freeze to death," he said. "Not that you'd care."

. . . . . .

He had changed his tactics when she took him up his breakfast.

"Good morning," he said. "Thank goodness for the fellah who left this hole in the wall. Otherwise I suppose I'd have just had to starve? What is this place?"

"It used to be a sort of prison cell the family stuck its enemies in."

"Jolly handy," he said admiringly. "I've always thought it would be a good thing to have about a house. So you're here alone?"

"Yes. I came home without giving them any warning, which was rather silly of me, but I only got leave at the last minute."

"Well, that was unfortunate for me." He grinned at her. "Look here, seeing things are the way they are,

*Claire, standing to attention, heard one officer say: "She looks young for such a responsible job."*

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*"I can beat you at this game, anyhow," he said laughingly.*

don't you think you might let me out, on parole, just for the day? I could give you a hand, light fires, stoke up hot water. We might then get baths . . . and we could have our dinner together."

The worst of it was, she would have liked so much to do it. You simply couldn't believe that a man with such candid eyes was bad all through. She had a sudden vision of the study, a wood fire blazing, and he and she one each side of it, in the big armchairs.

She turned away from the alluring prospect. She shook her head.

"Well, if you aren't a hard-hearted Hannah," he said aggrieved.

"I'm quite soft everywhere except in the head."

He laughed, and his blue eyes narrowed, and he watched her shrewdly.

"I must say it looks as if I was going to have a pretty beastly time. I'd have come off better in gaol. Even in gaol they gave us a hunk of cake on Sundays and a cracker every Christmas."

"Pity you left it, then."

"That's what I'm beginning to think. I've always heard the female of the species is more deadly than the male. Now I know there is something in it. Even our warders unbent a little sometimes. But they were mere men . . ."

"Mere men, golden hearted and gullible," she said. She laughed and left him.

She cut another slab off old Neddy for his lunch, and then suddenly remembered what he had said about crackers at Christmas, and picked two of the gaudiest crackers out of the box. She couldn't resist this mischievous little joke. He grinned when he saw them.

"Got a kind heart, haven't you? As far as it goes," he said, picking one of the crackers up and rattling it. "Trouble is, it doesn't go far enough, or you'd let me out of this ice-box and let me sit by the fire with you."

She looked at him then candidly.

"I wish very much I could," she said softly. "But I'm taking no risks."

"Oh, well, if you won't, you won't. Go and eat your lonely dinner and leave me to mine. What is this beast? You seem to have a lot of it!"

"It's goose," she said, choking back her laughter.

"I thought it was elephant," he said. "Here, you may as well pull these with me now. A man can't pull crackers all alone."

Putting his thumb low down on the paper, he got the largest piece. "I can beat you at this game, anyhow," he said laughingly. The same thing happened again, and he began unwrapping the papers. Out of the first he unwrapped a little charm made of imitation jade.

"A lucky charm!" he said. "Well, I need it . . ."

He took from the other cracker an elegant gaudy blue glass sapphire ring. "Oh, I say, look. Whatever your name is. Isn't it pretty. I'm going to keep it. It may come in useful one of these days. I've always had a weakness for cracker jewellery. Reminds me of what grand parties we had as kids."

She said impulsively, "What made you do—what you did do. You don't look the sort . . ."

He stared ruefully at the palms of his own hands, opening and shutting them.

"Oh, I don't know. I needed money. And it was the easiest way I knew to get money. Besides, I did nothing, really. There wasn't a thing I told them they couldn't have found out for themselves. I had a good plan, too, to put over some entirely wrong information that would set them all off on a wild goose chase.

"I told the authorities, but they wouldn't listen to me. Too much red tape. And I had no influential friends to help me. That's what a man needs," he said sadly. "Friends. I never was lucky. I never had a girl of my own who'd stick to me through thick and thin, and believe in me. That's what a man needs. But don't let me spoil your leave with my tragic life story," he said sarcastically. "Go along and have a happy time."

She laughed. "It's not particularly happy, alone down there."

"Well, it's a good bit warmer than up here. I'll wager you have a good fire." He shivered . . . "I only hope I don't get pneumonia again. I've had it twice already, and they say if I get it again it may be fatal . . ."

It was hateful that she had to do it, but she hardened her heart. This was the way they always got round you . . .

You couldn't say they actually got to know each other very intimately. It wasn't easy, through that stone slot in the wall. But as the rain lasted until late the next day, they had more than one conversation together. He looked so pinched and blue that her heart almost misgave her. But just as she wondered whether she couldn't trust him, she noticed something. He had started to grow a beard. That was just what the papers said he would do.

Please turn to page 10



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# Sailors Don't Weaken

Continued from page 9

HE coughed, a hollow, racking cough, and asked: "Do you think you could stagger up with a drop of water for me? We're frozen up solid in here."

If it hadn't been for that beard, she knew she would have weakened. But the sun came out suddenly, and lit it, and it was sprouting all red. She fetched him water. Then she opened the front door and stood looking out. The rain had stopped at last. The sky above them was a tent of blue.

She said no word to him, but took up his lunch early.

"Was Neddie a very large bird?" he asked mildly. "I seem to have eaten three miles of him already."

"He was well grown," she said gravely. She wished that he did not have this knack of making her laugh. It wasn't easy to dislike someone who made you laugh.

Well, it wouldn't be long now before she got rid of him. She put on her sea boots and oilskins and set off for the village in the early afternoon.

Half-way up the hill they were working on the bus, and standing here was the pretty conductress she had travelled with the night she came home.

"Want to go into Marlford, Miss? We'll be off in a few minutes and can run you back. Stuck, we did, on the last journey back after I seen you. I wondered how you got on."

She began stacking baggage out of the way on the back seat. On a long tin uniform case Claire read a strangely familiar name, in white letters.

"Captain D. N. Randolf, R.N. London."

She stood quite still, staring at it blankly. The conductress said: "Belonged to a gentleman we brought over from Wallingsea . . . Trying to get to London he was, and he went off when we stuck to see if he could find a bed. I hope nothing happened to him, for he seemed ever so nice. Real friendly."

She laughed.

"Funny thing, when he got aboard, the driver he called me down and he tipped me a wink it was Jack Everard, the man who'd escaped from the prison up there. Dead spit of him he was, too. Only I happened to hear before we left Wallingsea that they'd got him. Poor chap."

"Got him?" said Claire faintly. "You mean to say that he — that Jack Everard has been back in prison since that night?"

The conductress nodded.

"They always gets them. I can't think, meself, why they ever bothers to escape."

Claire sat down weakly.

"Feel all right, dearie?" said the conductress.

Claire smiled at her vaguely. She was trying to think. Just what, she wondered, was it that she had committed. Assault — with battery — or illegal confinement with violence?

And there he still was, and what she had to do about it now she simply couldn't think. Why had he said he was Jack Everard? That was what defeated her, not, she knew, that she would have believed him if he had gone on saying he wasn't.

Still partially dazed and muzzy, she alighted from the bus in Marlford Market Square, and fell into the arms of Nannie, waiting to catch it back.

"Oh Nannie, Nannie, I've done such a dreadful thing," she almost sobbed, forgetting for the moment she was now a sailor, and that sailors don't cry.

"Have you, pet?" said Nannie. "What is it? Have you sunk one of them Dreadnoughts? You come right along and tell me. Fancy you being up there all alone. I never. If I'd known, I'd never have got a wink of sleep. Your father was called away on business, and your mother went with him for the trip. I went to my sister, but when the blizzard came I decided I'd get back at once to see to the house."

The warm lounge of the Shepherd's Arms enfolded them. Comforted with kind words and hot coffee, Claire told the horrible story while Nannie knitted.

"Well, fancy! And he's still there, you say? Don't worry, my pet. I'll soon settle him. You go along to Thornchester to your Pa and Ma, and I'll send your luggage on. He never need know your name. Frightening you half out of your life like that pretending to be a convict. Oh, Hitlers, that's what men are, one and all, but he'll get no change out of me. Of all men sailors is worst, which I always did say."

She snorted happily. It struck Claire as she saw her off up the moor side in the bus, that Nannie went into the fray with considerable enthusiasm.

. . . . . .

It was wonderful not to be a sailor for five whole days, but a spoilt only child again. But the funny thing was that anon, so to speak, you found yourself heaving a sigh for the bare boards of the common room and your hard Service berth, and the voice of the ship's bell. Besides, there was all the excitement of this new job.

What Nannie had done about the incarcerated sailor Claire didn't know. Nannie hadn't the pen of a ready writer. All her letters said was that it was settled satisfactorily, and no need to worry any more.

All along in her heart Claire felt she had come through too easily. All along she felt it was too good to last, and she'd have to pay in the end.

But it wasn't until she went up for her final interview before the selection board that she realised how grim the reckoning was to be. You were always a little shaken when they marched you in, one, two, one, two, halt, to the long table at which were seated senior officers.

It was some time before the mist cleared before Claire's eyes and she was able to see clearly. Then her eyes came to rest upon a blue pencil and a red pencil and a small charm made of imitation green jade that had come out of a cracker.

He was sitting at the end of the table looking cool and nonchalant, but obviously suffering from a heavy cold in the head. He did not look at her at all. He played absent-mindedly with the little green charm.

"I might as well bolt," thought Claire, for there could be no promotion coming to her from this. They talked, the men, in low undertones, and Captain Randolf sneezed twice, loud, manly sneezes that made the inkwells dance.

"She looks young, very young, for such a responsible job," she heard one of the officers say.

Then Captain Randolf cleared his throat and looked in her direction.

"We must not always go by looks," he said. "I have known the most determined-looking women who could be talked round in a brace of shakes. As it happens, I am in a position to vouch for this candidate's singularly determined character. We were once in jam together." He sneezed. "Her conduct was quite exemplary."

She watched them making notes, too surprised and relieved to think.

She was sent for the following morning.

"Looks as if you'd got it, when they want to see you again," said the Chief Wren, Nellie, glad about it. When she entered the office, Captain Randolf was there alone. He stood with his back to the fire, filling his pipe.

"You've got the job," he said. "We proceed to Scotland next week."

"We?" she said faintly.

"I'm on the same show . . ."

"Oh!" she said. Then, "Will you tell me one thing, please, first. Why did you say you were Jack Everard, and start growing a beard? It wasn't fair . . ."

"I was testing a theory, now dead, that a man could always get round a young woman if he put his mind to it, and therefore they were not suitable for certain types of work. As for the beard," he said, "if you shut a man up for several days without razor or hot water, he is bound to disappear in a thicket, my good child."

SHE couldn't help it. She laughed. She hadn't thought of that.

"I'm sorry . . ," she said. "I'm afraid you had a beastly time."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad," he said. "Atishoo! Sorry. I once spent a worse one, on a raft awash in the Atlantic. And I did get something out of this one. A ring. Might come in useful one day now they aren't making any real ones. And a nice little charm that really does look as if it might bring me a spot of luck."

He threw it up and caught it, and put it back in his pocket.

"Also I met the woman of my dreams . . ."

He lit his pipe, puffing at it solemnly, not looking at her.

"One who would go through thick and thin for me. Nannie," he said. "Though usually, I understand, a man hater, she made an exception in my case. You can't judge by appearances, just as I said. I twisted Nannie round my little finger . . ."

"You got round Nannie!" she said disbelievingly.

He grinned at her.

"If I'd been Everard, she'd have helped me to escape. I tell you, she'll do anything for me. I've got her where I want her. And what cocoa she makes. What cocoa! Nannie and I intend seeing quite a bit of one another. One way or another," he said. He puffed out a large cloud of smoke.

"That is all for the moment. Thank you. Good morning . . . Atishoo! Atishoo! Sorry."

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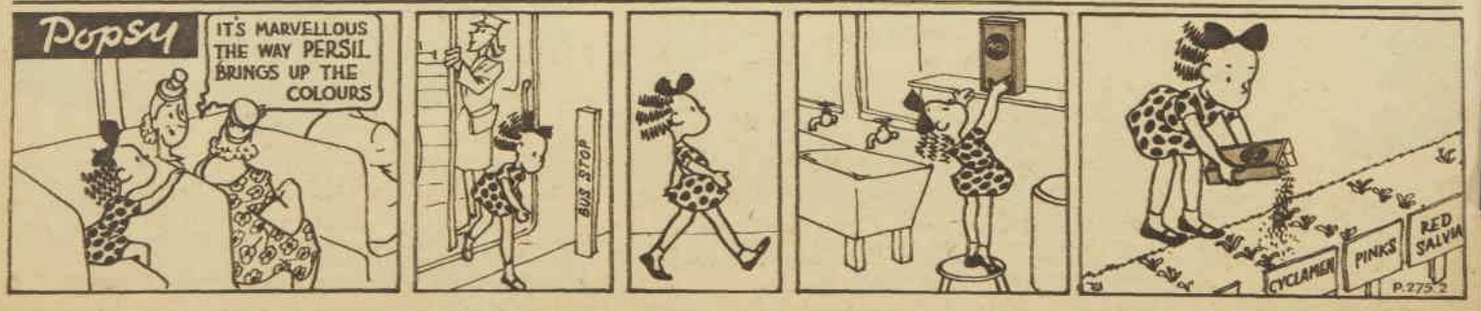
★ **DIRECTIONS FOR USE:** *STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals. CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast. DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night. Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness & similar ailments.*

**DeWitt's** *In sky-blue canisters,* 2/6 **ANTACID POWDER**







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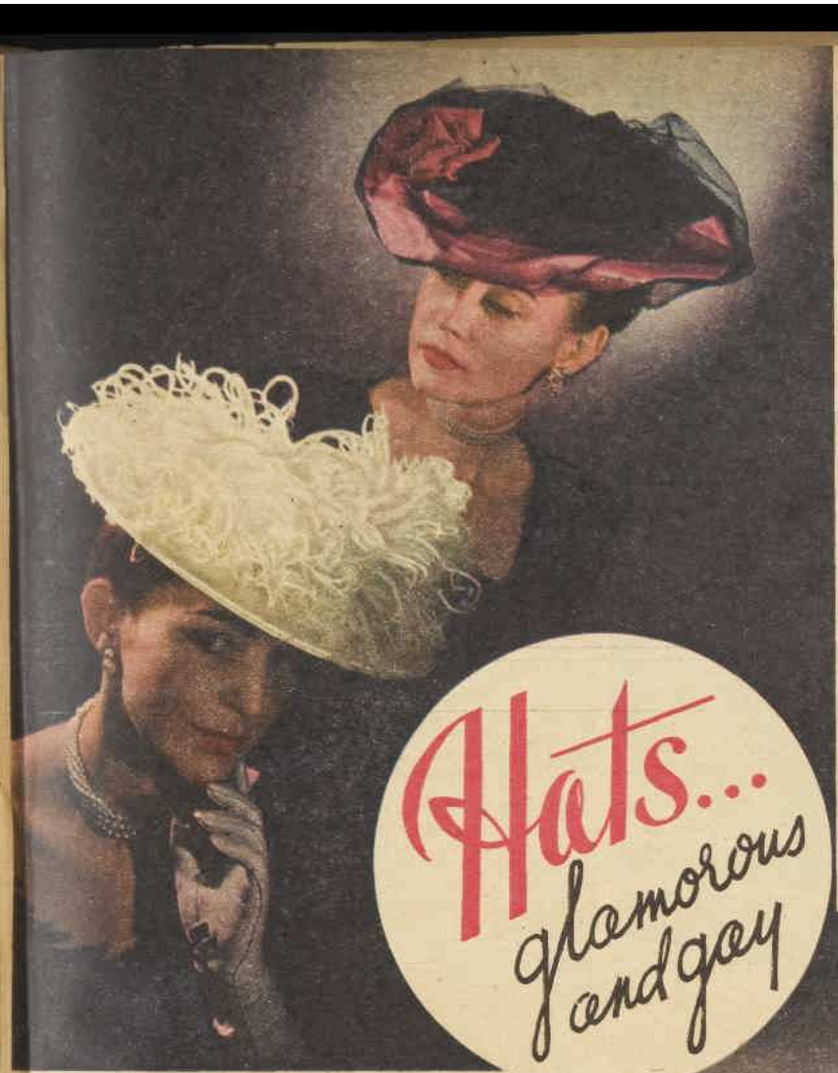
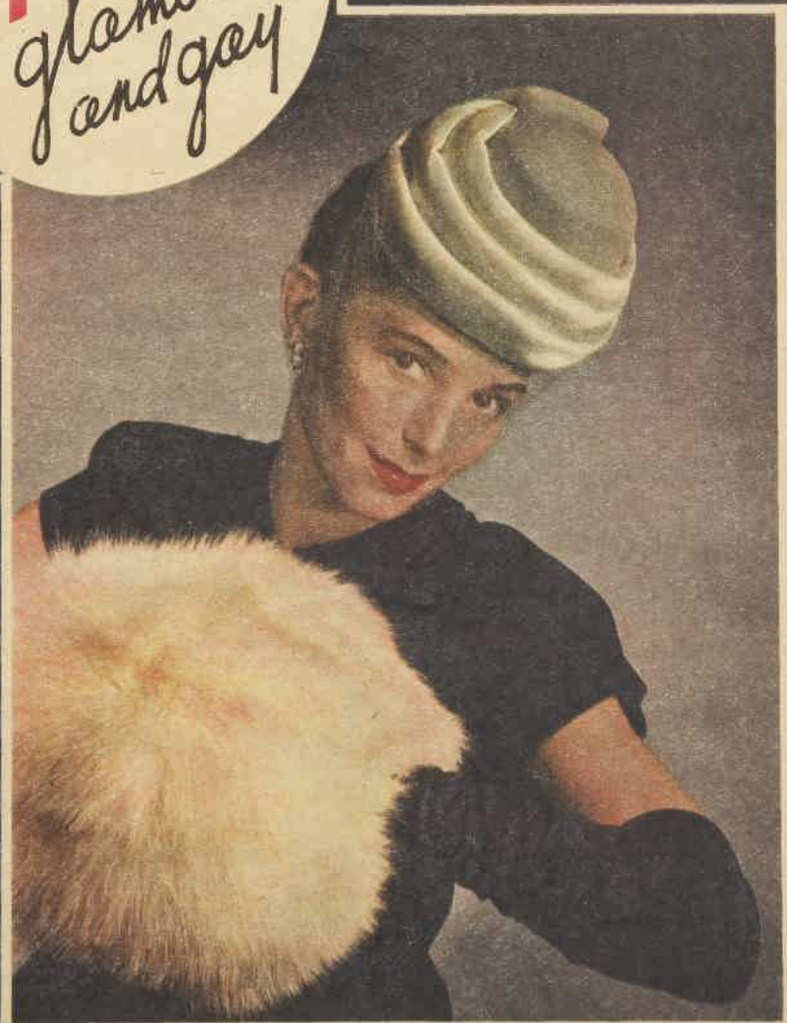


# Hats... glamorous and gay



● A beguiling Directoire bonnet, designed by Florence Fetchman, with a multi-colored choux of stiff satin high over the forehead.

● Satin and tulle and roses are romantically teamed in Lilly Dache's favorite summer hat. The other charmer is a white satin sailor, glamorised with a huge white ostrich plume. (Top left.)

● Forward - tilted felt bowler, which designer Braggard bedecks with birds entwined with turquoise-blue velvet ribbon. (Left.)

● A saucy and architectural little toque of softly toned satin and felt, with a matching, tight-drawn veil. Designed by John Frederics.



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# A BABY'S DAY . .

**SETTING OUT** for the day, fresh from her morning tub, is Miss Dana Glen, 16 months.

**"I'M NOT A WOMAN TO TALK,** but they do say"—Dana exchanges local gossip with a pal on her way to the Park.

**"MUD, BEEEAUTIFUL MUD.** Gosh, how I love it. I'm staking out a claim right here."

**"GOT A DATE** with the ice-cream man. I'll just wipe my hands first on my pinafore."

**"EXCUSE THE BACK** and lack of dignity, but what's that when you're mudhappy?"

**"I'M NO STRIP-TEASE ARTIST,** not professionally, anyway, but what's a girl to do in this heatwave weather?

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# . from bath to bath

PIES with mud as their main ingredient are tops with Dana. The bigger and oozier they come the better she likes them.

"I'M ONE OF THE BOYS, when it comes to mischief. Fancy anyone introducing me to a fountain that doesn't splash and expecting me to do nothing about it . . . Whoosh!"

"HEY, WAIT FOR ME, Mum. Gosh, Superman isn't in it with me and hurdles. Easy does it."

THOROUGHLY DIRTY and thoughtfully tasting a muddy finger, Dana is headed for home.

BACK AT HOME, Dana has the day's accumulation of mud scrubbed off. Playing with soap is fun.

"LIKE ME, all spruced up? Even my best friends couldn't help knowing me now. And what a day!"

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# Style with Rhythm

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*SEAMEN'S MESS at a Northern naval base. Photograph sent by Able-Seaman Frank Farr (second from left) to his brother, Tony, in Horsham, Vic.*

*PEACEFUL CRUISE for LAC Gordon Howe and a native crew in a lakatoi somewhere in New Guinea. Photograph sent by Mrs. E. O. Howe, North Parramatta, N.S.W.*

# Navy to rescue of ship afire

## Captain and crew commended for share in dangerous task

**The Navy Board has commended the captain and ship's company of an R.A.N. frigate, H.M.A.S. Hawkesbury, for the part they played in rescuing survivors from a blazing ship.**

**This incident is described by Signalman Max Thomson in a letter to his sister, Miss Ruth Thomson, Grenrosa, Brougham St., Bendigo, Vic.**

"WE were all set to see a picture show on board when an urgent signal came through that a steamship was sending out frantic SOS messages," he writes.

"We were ordered to go to her assistance immediately.

"In record time we got our seaboats hoisted to davits, secured for sea, and dragged in the old mud-hook.

"In less time than it takes to tell, stokers and engine-room staff were squeezing every inch of steam from the boilers.

**"Positions and instructions were signalled to us by light while we were within sight of the signal station. When an island came between the station and us signals were still passed by using 20-inch signal projectors and flashing the messages to each other on a cloud bank.**

"As we came to the stricken ship we saw a big vessel, lying with her bows very low in the water and her No. 2 hold a blazing inferno.

**"Survivors were adrift everywhere on the water, some in boats, others on spars of wood, lifebelts, or floating round without any means of support.**

"An Australian sister ship had also raced to the position. Both of us began to pick up survivors.

### Flares dropped

"THE two warships sent their searchlights probing round picking out survivors, and overhead Catalinas dropped dozens of flares to help us locate the men. The whole scene was lit up with a dull red glow from the burning ship.

"Among the survivors we picked up was the captain. Some of the men had broken limbs or severe burns, and in no time our sick bay was full. The badly injured were raced to port aboard our sister ship, while we ran in close to see if anything could be done for the burning vessel.

"Though she was getting low in the bows, there was a chance to save her.

"Fire hoses were set up aboard our frigate. We nosed our bows in and began to pour in water. Gushes of steam rose as the water hit the almost white-hot steel of the ship.

"Two Allied warships arrived and began to pump from the opposite side. We had to prevent the fire burning through the bulkhead, for if it did so the boilers would explode.

**"The vessel was carrying explosives, and if we could prevent the flames getting through that bulkhead we could save her.**

"We closed in nearer and secured our bows to the ship. This held us in good position to pump water into the seat of the fire.

"We worked right through the night and by dawn had the great satisfaction of seing the fire extinguished.

"It had been a thrilling night's work."

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

*Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith*

**THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.**

**For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.**

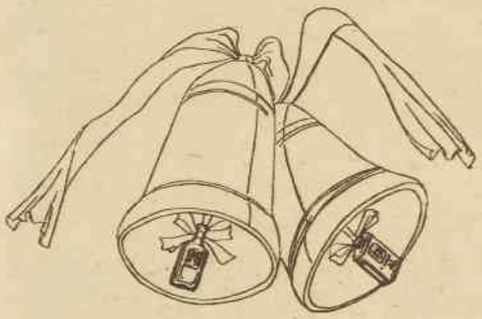
**S/Sgt. Buck, in the Northern Territory, to Miss P. Barker, Kingsford, N.S.W.:**

"ON our way to the pictures we had to cross a train line, and as a train was coming we decided to stand by the line and let the train go by.

"We forgot, alas, about the gentlemanly manners of our local engine-drivers, and lo and behold the train, a whole train, mind you, pulled up so that we, three very honored sergeants, could cross the line.

"When we had crossed the said line the train continued on its way, and as it passed the driver called, 'Everything right?'

"Such courtesy!"

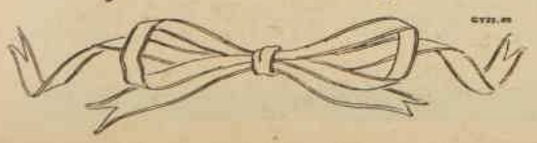
*After joybells ring*

to welcome peace, there'll be glad news for Yardley lovers. All those beauty things you've cherished so dearly and used so carefully during the days of "putting one's best face forward" will come hurrying back in peace-time quantities. Meanwhile, keep an eye open, in fine stores and chemist shops, for available supplies.

*Yardley Lavender, 3/3 to 17/3. Bond Street Complexion Powder, 4/9. Yardley Lipstick, 3/5. English Complexion Cream, 6/4. Lavender Soap, large tablets, 1/10.*

Yardley

of London





**TREAT SUNBURN AS A BURN**

Every surfer, every swimmer—every person who lives, works, or plays exposed to the sun, knows that he cannot give his best or enjoy himself to the utmost . . . and still escape SUNBURN.

None of us can afford to risk sunburn, which is so easy to catch during the summer months. The wisest people always have Flexibar on hand, and use it frequently because it helps soothe and cool the burn—it relieves the pain—and heals skin breakages. FLEXIBAR also helps to prevent sunburn. For skin injuries, cuts, bites, and scratches use soothing antiseptic FLEXIBAR—it's the new, reliable antiseptic healer.

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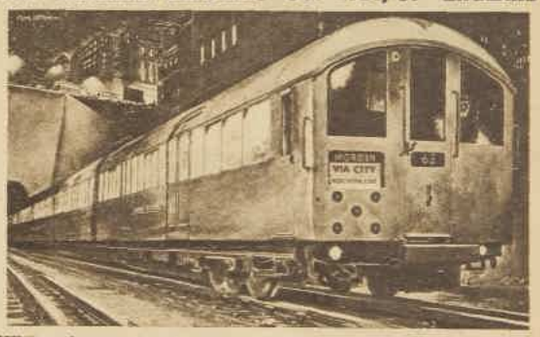

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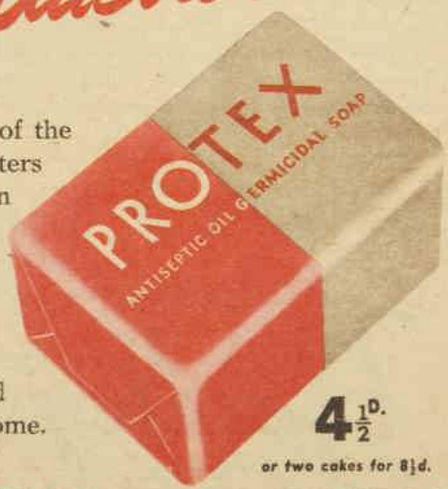
# Truly Australian

Blue skies and sunshine are part of the heritage of these sturdy youngsters who symbolise the Australian way of life. Protex Soap is also truly Australian and is universally popular for its clean bushland fragrance and its safe antiseptic quality, which soothes while it cleanses. These are the things that make Protex so necessary to guard the health of our fighting men and folks at home.




4½D.
or two cakes for 8½d.

## DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?

1/755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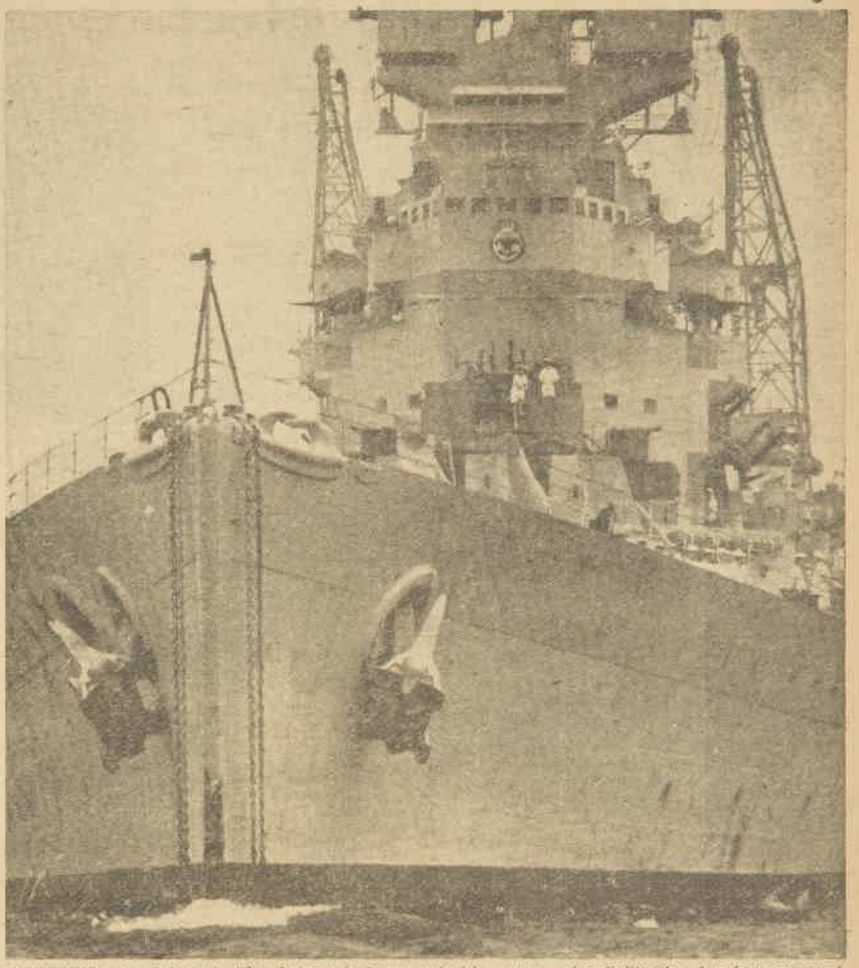
# Australia thrilled to welcome the British Navy

RATINGS of the flagship, H.M.S. Howe, wave a salute to shore. They are astride one of the for'ard 14-inch guns.



FLAGSHIP comes into port. The photograph shows most of her enormous superstructure.

## Flagship Howe one of Britain's most modern battleships

*By ADELE SHELTON SMITH*

**The white tropical kit of the R.N., H.M.S. capbands, and the dashing uniform of the Royal Marines were a familiar sight in the streets of Sydney during the recent visit of H.M.S. Howe, one of Britain's most modern battleships.**

**The Royal Navy men expressed astonishment and delight at our enthusiasm and curiosity about them. "I've been stopped about four times," one of them said. "Two old ladies on a ferry, a woman weighed down with parcels in the street, a man on a tram, and a man in a hotel all wanted to know was I in the British Navy and what part of England did I come from. We like being stopped. It makes us feel welcome and makes us feel at home."**

MANY of the sailors are away from home for the first time.

They have a deep tan on their fair skins, but the sun wrinkles do not hide the youth in their eyes, and their limbs are the slender limbs of youngsters.

Whether youngsters straight from home or war-wise veterans, the men of H.M.S. Howe seem to be very serious minded.

They are not solemn—there was plenty of hilarity in the big wardroom and in the messes crowded with men doing their washing, ironing, and mending.

**But the war has been with them unrelentingly for five years. At home on leave life has been as perilous for them as at sea.**

They are eager to learn all about this end of the war.

"There is a deadly feeling against the Japanese about this ship," one of them said.

H.M.S. Howe is flagship of the British Pacific Fleet.

She is a great towering hunk of 35,000 tons of British steel.

Alongside, her huge superstructure looks like the great bulk of a battlemented castle.

**H.M.S. Howe is one of the Royal Navy's most recently commissioned battleships.**

Her armament is of the very latest type installed by the Royal Navy.

Her skyline is spiked with 14-inch guns, oerlikon guns, and multiple pom-poms—"Chicago pianos"—and other effective weapons.

She is named after the famous British admiral, Earl Howe, who ended a brilliant naval career at the age of nearly seventy by winning the Battle of the First of June against the French in 1794.

Lord Howe Island, off the East coast of Australia, was named in his honor.

**High on the forepeak of the ship is the family crest of the Howe Earldom, cut from solid teak. The centre of the crest is a wolf's head.**

Normal complement for a battleship is about 1500 or less.

The Royal Marines man the multiple 14-inch gun turret and half the anti-aircraft armament.

On her first commission, H.M.S. Howe was with the Home Fleet at Scapa Flow, then served for five months in the Mediterranean. She took part in the Sicilian campaign.

She was the first British battleship to go into Taranto Harbor, and arrived in Malta on the day the Italian fleet was handed over—steaming right through them up the harbor.

H.M.S. Howe was recommissioned in March last year, and has been operating against the Japanese from Ceylon.

Details about her largest gun-turret give some idea of her enormous power.

**Marines man this turret of four 14-inch guns, feed its three-quarter ton projectiles from almost the bottom of the ship on to a spiral trunk which lifts it to the firing platform on the main deck level. The range of the guns is enormous.**

Inside the turret a Cockney, Sergeant Stroud, explained the working of the gun.

There was an awe-inspiring clang of metal when he pulled the levers that open the breech, bring the huge cage up, work the giant claw that snatches the war-head into the breech, then the rest of the shell in three sections, and slams the breech shut.

"It's really not at all noisy," the Sergeant said. "We can converse in ordinary voices when we're firing."

**H.M.S. Howe is the adopted ship of the City of Edinburgh. Before the ship sailed the city presented comforts, books, and sports equipment to the crew.**

"We appreciate enormously the hospitality that has been prepared for us," the captain of the flagship, Captain H. W. U. McCall, said, "particularly as for the last half-year we have been living under conditions of considerable discomfort.

"A battleship with our thick armament absorbed the never-ending heat of Ceylon.

"The crew had few opportunities to go on leave, and for practically all that time, except for an occasional evening ashore, they have been aboard the whole time.

"But we have come here for a very definite purpose. It is not time yet for us to expect peacetime conditions — that must wait until Japan has been conquered."

"We are a very happy ship," said one officer.

"We talk very little 'shop'; that's not a good idea when we're together all the time. We prefer to talk about the trout-streams or the theatres at home, or the snow on Hampstead.

"That's why this visit is a godsend. Australia is a complete surprise to most of us, and our 'pioneering' here will provide us with talk for months."

The ship provides its own amusement. A loud-speaker system enables the ship to conduct organised quiz competitions, brains trust lectures, and debates at sea.

Cinema, library, an information centre where the crew can keep abreast of the war news and their own travels, Soccer, Rugby, and boxing help to fill any spare time.

**The ship had had no eggs since it left behind its two eggs a week ration in England last March.**

In the ship's galley a staff of 24, with four petty-officer cooks and one chief, prepares meals on 16 oil-fuel stoves.

The bakery on the deck below provides the bread ration, and every Sunday provides currant cake.

**At their first Australian port a consignment of apples was put aboard. Each man got seven apples, and they were all gone in a day.**

YORKSHIREMAN, Able-Seaman Bob McWatt, wears one of the most impressive beards aboard. He has been 18 years in the Navy.

INSIDE FURNACE-BOX. Leading-Stoker R. S. Monks, Nottingham (top), and Stoker L. Cole, Middlesex, replacing firebricks after the ship's long journey.

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# Editorial

JANUARY 27, 1945

## OUR BRITISH BROTHERS

OVERWHELMING evidence of the strength of this country's attachment to Britain has been the spontaneous warmth and excitement evoked by the coming to Australian waters of Royal Navy units.

***For to these men we are bound by ties stronger than those of wartime alliance. They are the ties of family, of a common ancestry.***

From whatever corner of the United Kingdom they come, it is a corner which some Australian family still calls "Home."

It is 157 years this week since the First Fleet dropped anchor in Port Jackson and unfurled the Union Jack on the soil of the colony.

Ever since, the Navy has stood as the symbol of our chief link with Britain.

Throughout our history the knowledge of its existence has been a comforting background to the isolation of our scantily populated continent.

Its losses have been our losses; its victories our victories.

***Perhaps the darkest day in all our own dark days of 1942 was that on which we learned of the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse off the coast of Malaya. With them went our hopes for our own Eighth Division.***

To-day the presence of the British Navy in our waters is evidence that those dark days are over, never to return.

With confidence we look forward to that day when, our lost division liberated, the British with our American allies and our own sailors, soldiers, and airmen will complete the last lap of the road to Tokio.

# Royal Marines here with Fleet

## Their record of valor is three centuries old

**"They don't recruit Marines, they breed 'em," a naval officer once observed of the British Royal Marines.**

**No finer and more fitting tribute could be paid the Royal Marines, some of whom arrived in H.M.S. Howe during her recent visit to Sydney.**

**Britain has been breeding these fighters of land and sea and (in this war) air since 1664, when Charles II formed the first Marine Regiment.**

*ROYAL MARINES parade in Sydney. Australian Servicemen are very impressed with their precision.*

DESPITE what Mr. Churchill describes as their "long, rough, and glorious history," Royal Marines carry no battle honors on their colors.

In 1802, when George IV selected the Marine Badge, which every officer and man wears to this day, it was explained that there was great difficulty in selecting from "so many glorious deeds" one to inscribe on their colors.

So their sovereign had been pleased to adopt "the Great Globe itself" encircled with laurel as the most appropriate emblem of a corps whose duties carried them to all parts of the world, "in every quarter of which they had earned laurels by their valor."

Part of the training of the Royal Marine when he first enters barracks is to learn something of the story of the corps he serves.

**He will learn that in 1704 Marines under Sir George Rooke took possession of the Rock of Gibraltar, "thereby winning an immortal honor"; that Marines fought at Nelson's three great victories, of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, and in the last war, at the landings in Gallipoli, Jutland, and Zeebrugge, in which three last actions the corps gained four Victoria Crosses.**

In the present war, Royal Marines have fired their guns in nearly every important engagement.

They fought beside Australian troops in Crete, in Malay Peninsula, and with the Eighth Army in the Western Desert.

**The Marines' motto, Per Mare Per Terram (By Sea, By Land), could really be enlarged to Per Coelum (By Air), for Marine pilots have flown with the Fleet Air Arm in almost every theatre of war.**

### Commandos

THEY have fought in Norway, Madagascar, Boulogne, Calais, Burma, Malta, Sicily.

**In a tiny French village in Normandy villagers devotedly care for graves in the centre of which they have erected a marble statue, engraved, "In memory of the Royal Marine Commandos, June 6, 1944 (D-Day)."**

Functions of the Marine Corps, were recently redefined to provide:

- Detachments in His Majesty's ships, fully capable of manning gun armament, and specially trained to take part in landing operations.
- Units to undertake in co-operation with other services special amphibious operations.
- Units for establishment and temporary defence of naval and fleet air-arm bases.

*EIGHTEEN YEARS in the Royal Marines, Sergeant Dick (Jock) Sneddon, of Glasgow.*

The Marine's main duty afloat is with the ship's guns. He mans and supplies a quarter of the armament in ships in which he serves.

Marines man the largest 14-inch gun turret and four 5.25-inch turrets and secondary armament in anti-aircraft guns on H.M.S. Howe, now in Australia.

The corps also provides the ship's band, which plays military, orchestral, dance, and theatre music.

In action, bandamen man the fire-control room for the big guns, and in landing operations they are stretcher-bearers.

**Babies of the corps are the boy-buglers who enter the corps at the age of 14.**

**The boys learn nearly 100 bugle calls, and many of these lads have performed gallant service in this war.**

It was a boy-bugler who sounded "Action Stations" from the bridge of H.M.S. Exeter in the Battle of the River Plate after his two fellow buglers had been killed when the bridge was put out of action.

In the evacuation from Crete in 1941, when Marines covered the rear-guard, many had to remain on the beaches while they watched the last transport leave.

When a Sunderland later arrived to take off a few of the men, the Marines declined, and with the Australians retired to the hills to carry on the fight.

After the Prince of Wales and Repulse were sunk off Singapore, Marine survivors swam ashore to join forces with the Second Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and later with the Eighth Australian Division fought desperately to save the already lost city.

**Just before the fall of Singapore, a party of Marines set out in a motor-boat, rescued Australian nurses on a nearby island, and took them safely to Sumatra, whence the nurses were sent to Colombo.**

While manning merchant ships Marine gunners have continued to fire their guns with their ships sinking under them.

Twin-towered 50ft. concrete forts in the Thames Estuary and elsewhere, which protect East Coast shipping from mine-laying enemy aircraft, are manned by Marines.

### Little Princes

ONE story the tower Marines tell on themselves concerns an English destroyer which, as it approached a fort in the estuary, signalled with a long hoist of flags.

**Laboriously the Marine signallers, who were less proficient then than they are now, spelt out the signal, which read:**

**"And how are the Little Princes in the Tower this morning?"**

By the time the commanding officer had received it, the destroyer was too far away for him to frame a suitable reply.

With Britain's growing need of forces for amphibious operations, the Royal Marine Division was reorganised as two Special Service Brigades, with the functions of Commandos and with their own complement of landing craft manned by Royal Marines.

Early in 1942 a small raiding force was formed. It was to be known as the Royal Marine Commando, but was not to form part of the Special Service Brigade.

Its first operation was the Dieppe raid, when the Commandos suffered heavy casualties, including the loss of their gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Phillips.

By putting on a pair of white gloves to enable his hands to be more easily seen while directing the movements of landing craft, he had saved 200 of his men from entering a field of fire which would have proved mortal to them.

# Interesting People

### LIEUT. K. HUDSPETH

*. . . most decorated*

RECENTLY awarded second Bar to his D.S.C. for heroism contributing vitally to D-Day success, twenty-six-year-old Lieut. Kenneth Hudspeth, of Hobart, is most decorated sea-going Australian volunteer reservist. Won all decorations on secret missions with X craft midget submarines. Only 22 officers serving with Royal Navy have won D.S.C. and two bars since outbreak of war. Lieut. Hudspeth now watch-keeping officer with destroyer. Is former schoolteacher.

### MISS J. FOX

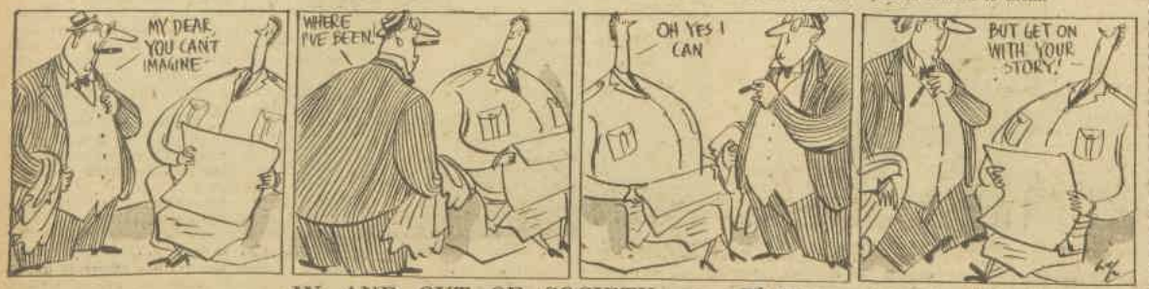
*. . . Y.W.C.A. in N.T.*

Y.W.C.A. welfare officer for servicewomen in Northern Territory, Miss Jo Fox, Western Australia, is now working with A.W.A.S. and A.A.M.W.S. as organiser of recreation and entertainment, and supervisor of furnishings for recreation huts. Joined Y.W.C.A. two years ago. For five years was secretary to League of Women of Toc H in W.A., and sports mistress at girls' school. Holds kindergarten diploma, is talented amateur actress.

### DR. E. R. WALKER

*. . . U.N.R.R.A. post*

DEPUTY director-general and chief economic adviser, War Organisation of Industry, Dr. E. R. Walker has been released by Commonwealth Government to take up important post with United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration as assistant director of procurement, Washington staff. Cambridge graduate and research fellow, Rockefeller Foundation, he was economic adviser to N.S.W. Treasury, 1938, to Tasmanian Government in 1939. Was Australian delegate to League of Nations, 1937.




IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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*LAMBETH WALK.* Leading-Stoker Ed Ellis, R.N., of Dover, England, and Mrs. Fran Howard dance the Lambeth Walk at the first dance held at the British Centre.

*LEAVING CHURCH.* Lieut. Geoffrey Nott, A.I.F., and pretty bride, formerly Bombardier Beatrice Phippard, A.W.A.S., leave St. James' Church, King Street, for reception at Pickwick Club.

*HOME FROM ENGLAND.* Commander Lord Charles Gifford, R.N., and Lady Gifford with their four-year-old son, the Hon. Anthony, photographed at home of Lady Gifford's sister, Mrs. John Bavin, at Vaucluse.

*CANBERRA WEDDING.* Captain Alan Treloar, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Bronnie Taylor, who was third secretary on diplomatic staff of Department of External Affairs at Canberra, with their attendants, Julie Drake-Brockman, also third secretary, and Alan Renouf, of Sydney, leaving St. John's Church, Canberra, after ceremony. Bride, who is from Melbourne, is forsaking her diplomatic career for marriage.

# On and Off Duty.

***SHAKE the dust from my umbrella as first drops of rain fall, and sally forth for official opening of temporary quarters of British Centre.***

Pedestrians outside MacDonell House, Pitt Street, throng street, and give marvellous reception to Naval personnel who attend opening. Gold-braided rear-admirals, commodores, captains are greeted with loud applause and sometimes even a cheer or two.

Ratings paying visit to Centre display true British calm in face of excitement, and am amused at seeing one A.B. completely oblivious to formal proceedings as he slumbers peacefully in comfortable arm-chair in lobby.

New Lord Mayor, Alderman Neville Harding, Alderman R. J. Bartley, and Sir Samuel Walder officiate at opening.

As the Navy Band swing into "Sailor's Hornpipe," guests make informal inspection of Centre and partake of afternoon tea served by Y.W.C.A. voluntary helpers under direction of Mrs. J. W. Kidd.

PARTY of the week when Commander Lord Charles Gifford, R.N., and Lady Gifford entertain friends when Lady Gifford, with small son, the Hon. Anthony, return home to Sydney.

Catering difficulties almost preclude party being held, but Charles' old friend, Sir Samuel Walder, came to their aid and tea was served in boardroom of Sargents, Market Street.

Sir Sam and Lady Walder with daughter, Mollie Human, among guests. See Ruth Watt, wearing black corduroy skirt, with green tweed jacket trimmed with matching corduroy, and her favorite wooden-soled shoes. Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Jean Cheriton, Mrs. Ronnie M'Donald Parr (Gracie Gibson), Miss D'Arcy Irvine from Government House, and Roger Barry are others at party.

• • •

EASTERN Suburbs residents have been enthralled at seeing "Giff," complete with burnished gold braid, driving sedately to town in the Allen electric brougham.

First night in Sydney, Charles and Margaret dine at Prince's.

*BRIDE-TO-BE.* Pretty Margaret Fagan, of Sunnyridge, Mandurama (right), who plans marriage with "Mit" Loneragan, of Heaton Lodge, Mudgee, at St. Mary's Cathedral, on February 3, lunches at Prince's with sister Marie (left), who will be bridesmaid, and Mrs. Bob Ashton, of Checkers, Cargo.

BACK in Sydney, Sergeant-Pilot Noel Munns, R.A.A.F., and his attractive wife, formerly Mary Agnew. Couple, who were recently married at St. Patrick's Church, South Grafton, have been honeymooning at Blue Mountains. Mary is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Agnew, of Grafton.

• • •

NEWS gleaned of lovely Mrs. Royston "Johnny" Johnson, formerly Mimi Healy, of Sydney, when her husband, Commander "Johnny" Johnson, O.B.E., R.N., of H.M.S. Howe, pays recent visit to Sydney. Mimi, who has been living in Scotland for past two years with her five-and-a-half-year-old son Claude, has now taken a house in Sussex, and at present there is no talk of her coming Sydneywards. While in Sydney Commander Johnson had lots of news for Mimi's mother, Mrs. Claude Healy, Edgecliff.

Joyce

*PRETTY HOSTESS.* Voluntary helper Judith Cooper repairs make-up after dancing with Rating Ted Etheridge, R.N., of London, at dance at British Centre, held at night following afternoon official opening. Ted was in London through 1939-1943 blitz.

*MELBOURNE WEDDING.* Ron Cumming, son of Director of Rationing and Mrs. J. B. Cumming, and bride, formerly Betty Gent, leaving All Saints', Kooyong, with attendants Gwenyth Cumming, Lois Williams, John Scholes (left), Roy Cannon.

*BRITISH CENTRE OPENS.* Commodore H. B. Crane, R.N. (left), Commodore E. M. Evans-Lombe, R.N., with Mrs. Arthur Chartres, and Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Neville Harding), chat together at afternoon tea after opening of temporary premises at MacDonell House, Pitt Street.

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# What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Equip trains with nurseries

WHAT a wonderful thing it would be for mothers to travel in comfort, by having nurseries on board trains.

This should certainly be possible after the war, when travel by train once more becomes normal, even if it is not possible now. With trained attendants, toys, and small beds or cots for children, travelling would be a pleasure for mothers instead of a nightmare. There could also be suitable food for the younger children.

I am sure every mother would gladly pay for this service. Fees could be regulated according to the age of the child.

**£1 to Mrs. A. Nicol, 60 Wollongong Rd., Arncliffe, N.S.W.**

## Suitable memorials

MERE piles of stones housing the names of half-forgotten men seem both depressing and futile as war memorials. They are dead things, really, and do nothing toward securing fulfilment of the ideals for which those soldiers gave their lives.

Bearing this in mind, let us begin now to plan memorials worthy of this war's heroes. Let us demand living memorials such as generous scholarships for servicemen's children . . . scholarships to improve the standard of public health, housing, education, citizenship, freedom, and the brotherhood of nations.

Besides helping children to build a better world, such memorials would be a comfort and an inspiration to war widows.

**5/- to Esther P. Radwon, 213 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.**

## Loose coupon plea

COULD it be made possible or lawful for us to use loose coupons?

Every year hundreds of ration books are lost, the loss involving much work and money. It would be interesting to know how many books are lost by children.

Naturally, we women would be the biggest offenders, as we do most shopping, but if we could give the children loose coupons they could do more shopping for us, and the number of books lost would very likely be lessened.

The relaxing of the law prohibiting the use of loose coupons would not make any difference to the trading of honest folk, and as for those who are unscrupulous enough to trade in coupons—do existing restrictions make any difference to them? I doubt it.

**5/- to D. E. Miller, 140 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.**

## Holiday at home

I HAVE received a good deal of criticism because I elected to spend my holiday at home, but during a busy year there is little time to appreciate the house and garden and wonderful views.

It is a pleasure, too, to get up late, and have a leisurely breakfast, to wander round in one's prettiest housecoat, and generally get away from routine.

I am far more rested than if I had scrambled for a train, and sat, or stood, for hours wedged tightly in with others equally weary. I had meals I really liked, instead of taking whatever came, with indifferent service, and no real rest. Not to mention that there will be a substantial balance to help along the war.

**5/- to Miss R. Walker, "The Outlook," Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.**

## Hands off!

IT is high time that the handling of tomatoes and fruit set out for sale in shops should be stopped. I have seen twenty or more people picking and handling tomatoes until they get the ones they want. As a

result, other customers get food that has been badly mauled.

We should be served by one pair of hands only—those of the attendant—as at all other shops.

**5/- to J. Hoskins, 25 Ballard St., West Maitland, N.S.W.**

## Shell house unpopular

I WONDER if Marie Armstrong has ever lived in one of her so-called shell houses, especially in winter?

Dew falls off the roof, and the draught comes up the sides where there is no lining. As there is only a stove in the whole of the shell for warmth, the children cry with cold.

Take my advice, mothers, and never vote for this type of house. I know, because I have lived in one for eight years.

**5/- to Mrs. M. Tindall, Webster Rd., Hillview, via Liverpool, N.S.W.**

## Worthy of homage

I FEEL that homage should be given to the young, expectant mothers who face going through the ordeal of bringing their first babies into the world without the aid and comfort of their husbands at their side, and to the mothers who are bringing up children without Daddy to help.

I have seen these young women in the streets, in the parks, and shopping, always with a smile. God bless them and give them courage, strength, and faith.

**5/- to Louise Scott, 1 Holt St., Sydney.**

## Pram crossings

MRS. G. BEST (6/1/'45) suggests sloping kerbs for use of prams. I suggest that she approach her town clerk and request that the Wagga practice be adopted.

A concrete slab wide enough for a pram is provided at each crossing place, just clear of the main traffic pathway.

**5/- to E. G. Lamerton, 67 Peter St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.**

## More women in politics

IT was gratifying to read that women had been asked for their opinion regarding the falling birthrate, but, unfortunately, their viewpoint was only wanted for the inquiry into increasing the population.

Until a really active women's organisation is formed, whose views will carry some considerable weight in Parliament, it seems that our needs will only be granted when they are subservient to bigger issues.

As women comprise approximately fifty per cent. of the voters, I think that if a representative body were formed, independent of the present political parties, much could be done to improve the position of the wife and mother, and women in general.

**5/- to Clemency McLeod, 9 Omrah Ave., Bridgewater, S.A.**

## Versatile servicegirls

I READ with interest Mrs. Betty Craig's letter (6/1/'45) re the rehabilitation of servicewomen. Besides learning mechanical trades and office duties, we have to scrub, polish and clean, as barracks must be kept spotless. Therefore, I contend that housekeeping should come as second nature to us.

Our pay is not great, so we learn to make it go far. I doubt if we will demand every home comfort, after sleeping on straw paillasses, sharing rooms or huts, eating off enamel plates, and somehow keeping all our gear fairly tidy in a kitbag and half a locker.

We will miss the companionship of the girls, but I think a husband, home, and babies should more than fill the gap.

**5/- to "Aircraftwoman."**

# Continuing Old Sinners Never Die

from page 7

"WHY," I said, trying to appear indifferent, "You shall have them for what they cost me—a thousand pounds."

Price exploded. "A thousand fiddlesticks!" he cried. "I tell you, Helen the shares are valueless."

"I am sure Mrs. Speek doesn't think so," I ventured.

"Helen!" Price turned to her excitedly. "Speek shot himself, and there's an end to it. He shot himself, didn't he?" He seized her arms and shook her roughly.

Turning away from him she gently pushed him from her.

"Not an end of it, Price," I said. "There are such things as exhumation."

I think he was genuinely startled.

"Good lord!" he cried, and his eyes again sought Helen's. She avoided them, but put out her hand, and he seized it and held it in his rough grasp while she kept her eyes on me and said in the dull, toneless voice I had known her use in the days when her husband lived:

"I will buy the shares, Mr. Ford. You have my word. I will get in touch with you very soon. Good-night." She handed the script to me, and as I turned to leave she added: "I wish you to understand, Mr. Ford, that I am speaking for myself. Mr. Price is not concerned in this matter."

I laughed at that, and Price said violently: "But I am, Helen. What concerns you concerns me."

"Spoken like a gentleman," I said.

"Please, dear." She turned to him, and I noted the familiarity, although I am sure they were both unaware of its implication. It struck me as rather humorous after all their previous efforts to conceal their feelings.

"I will expect to hear from you very soon, Mrs. Speek," I said. "You will understand, I am sure, that one has a duty to society, and these things cannot be delayed."

I had said no more before Price seized my arm in a grip of iron and roughly propelled me to the door. He opened it with his free hand, and I thought he was going to start a vulgar brawl. Instead, he held me at arm's length and stared me up and down. I could see his lip curl back from his teeth as he spoke.

"D'you know what I think of you, Ford?" he asked, and gave me no time for reply, but tightened the pressure on my arm till I winced with the pain, and added: "You miserable worm!"

With that he flung me away from him with such force that I stumbled and fell, badly grazing one of my hands and the wrist on the gravel. It was quite nasty and rather painful, and, when I got back to the hotel, I made some excuse to Mrs. Marven and had her get some hot water and bathe it for me.

I was by no means surprised at Price's attitude. Indeed, I had anticipated violence. As I went to bed that night I consoled myself with the thought that I had faced the matter out bravely enough and with the cool confidence that had convinced Helen. She, in turn, I felt reasonably sure, would persuade Price that I held the whip and that it would be wise to jump at the crack.

And what, after all, was a thousand pounds between these two? Price was a wealthy man and Helen had just inherited much more than she had any right to expect. Price was a proud and hasty man, but he might also, I figured, be a shrewd one. I was a little puzzled about his behaviour during our business talk. Did he know what Helen had been up to?

In any case, I told myself, it didn't matter. Being the man he was he would stick to her through thick and thin. I was sure of that. Hadn't he said, "What concerns you concerns me."?

Whether he only suspected that Timothy Speek had been poisoned, or actually knew it and had had a part in the crime, I felt confident that he would realise the wisdom of the policy of silence I had suggested. I didn't let it keep me awake, but went to sleep planning a new future with Eileen by my side.

I heard in a roundabout way that the Garners were selling their home and leaving the town, and wondered whether this would affect me. Would they, at the last moment, tell what they knew? I thought not. The inquest was over and done with, and I could hardly see them raking up the past to be bullied with a thousand and one questions as to why they had not spoken before.

Even if Helen Speek and Price became aware of what Polly Garner had seen it would make them more anxious, if anything, and I could impress upon them that I alone knew how to keep them silent. And I was convinced that I could make any inquisitive authority believe that the woman was mistaken and Speek's dying reference was to Ward, not Ford.

I hoped, however, that the whole regrettable affair would be kept decently dark, and if the Garners spoke at all it would be at a time when I wanted them to loosen their tongues and to such people as I wished to hear their story.

I HAD always connected the package I had given Helen Speek as having a definite bearing on the blind man's death. The box of chocolates I had seen on the table and which Helen had so carefully removed was approximately the size of the package she had received from me. But in the mail the morning after my interview regarding the disposal of my shares I found a similar article.

It was wrapped and addressed in exactly the same way, the addressee's name being in plain block letters, as on the previous occasion.

There was, of course, nothing to do but open the thing. The box contained handkerchiefs, and, contrary to postal regulations, a letter. It was couched in the politest terms, the labor of a love-sick swain too bashful to make a personal approach.

To my astonishment, it was from none other than Haggart, the draper, the little waxen-moustached fellow who had sung sentimental ballads so forlornly at our concert, the nonentity at whom everyone laughed, and whose peccadilloes provided ceaseless town gossip, for he appeared to live in an everlasting state of unrequited love.

His letter said that, despite her admonition to refrain from sending her presents owing to her husband's objections, he felt he was justified in renewing his attention because of her changed circumstances, and he hoped, and so on and so on. I felt the matter had to be cleared up at once, and, when he called for his mail later in the day, I asked him to step into the inner office.

"Now, Mr. Haggart," I said severely, after offering him a chair, "you will, of course, understand that I am speaking to you as a post-office official. It is my duty to see that postal regulations are not contravened."

I pushed the box of handkerchiefs across my desk.

"You sent that article package rate, and enclosed a letter?"

He blushed like a schoolboy.

"Do not fear, Mr. Haggart," I said. "Anything that goes through this post office is as secret as the grave. But it is my duty to deliver the package to—let me see," I pretended I was uncertain of the address.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. H. Speek, but the recipient would have to pay letter postage and at double rate. Moreover, she would be entitled to know why, and that would be embarrassing for me, for she would become aware that I knew your sentiments toward her"—he went a deeper red—"and it wouldn't be nice for you if she were to think you had so thoughtlessly put cheap-rate postage on your—er—token of friendship. Now would it?"

He shuffled. "No, of course not, Mr. Ford," he admitted. "What must I do?"

"If, Mr. Haggart, you will tell me as a post-office official and quite in confidence that you have not sent similar parcels to Mrs. Speek enclosing letters, I will reseal this article and you can repost it with the correct postage or take it away for all I care. It is of no moment to me. But I must assure myself this has not been a constant practice."

HE broke eagerly in upon me: "Oh, indeed, I can assure you of that, Mr. Ford. I did send her one other package with a note, but that was the only time. It was a box of chocolates." He added rather wistfully: "She never acknowledged it, but I suppose that is understandable. I posted it the night before her husband was found dead, poor fellow."

"Very well, Mr. Haggart," I said, rising and dismissing him. "We'll forget all about it. We're men of the world, I hope, and so, mum's the word."

I grinned at him, and, a bit sheepishly, he left the office carrying his love offering with him.

He had told me all I wished to know, but it would have given me more satisfaction had the chocolates come from a less obviously innocent source.

Till late that evening I sat in my favorite armchair in the commercial-room, my book unopened on my knee, puzzling over the absurd Haggart and his chocolates and the box from which Timothy Speek had helped himself with such disastrous results. I was convinced that Speek had been poisoned. It was possible, I thought, that, when Polly Garner saw Speek, he had collapsed, but had not immediately died, as she had suggested.

It might well be that he had poisoned and shot himself, making doubly sure his attempt at suicide would succeed, but this argued a strength of character and courage hardly compatible with the man's nature. Or, perhaps, finding himself poisoned and unable to endure the agony, he had used the gun to end everything. That was more likely.

My conjectures were interrupted by Mrs. Marven's voice calling from the landing on the first floor: "Mr. Ford! Are you there?"

I jumped up and went into the hall.

"Would you be a good man, Mr. Ford?" she called, "and, before you come up to bed, pop into the bar. I've left the key in my safe. Lock it like a dear, and push the key under my door when you pass. There's no hurry. I'll throw down the bar key. Catch!"

Please turn to page 27

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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# As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE fortunes of most Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians, and many Sagittarians and Arians, should now take a decided turn for the better.

All of these people should make plans to improve their lives-and find success.

However, the affairs of most Scorpions, Taurians, and Leonians may deteriorate now, and wise members of those groups will be cautious, avoiding risks or indiscretions.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): January 23 may be fortunate, except between 1 p.m. and 4 p.m. Avoid arguments and rash actions. January 29 fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Be cautious now. Obstacles and delays, worry and arguments can prevail. January 25 poor. January 26 adverse. January 27, 28, 29, and 30 (early), all poor.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Advance important matters now. Fortune should favor many Geminians, though January 26 poor. January 27 excellent. January 28 (except between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m.) excellent. January 30 poor.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Things improve slightly now, but stick to routine still. January 25 poor. January 26 adverse; big setbacks are possible that day. January 30 fair.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Pitfalls abound now, so live quietly. Guard against losses, separations, changes, and quarrels, especially on January 25 (to midday), January 26, 28 (early afternoon), and January 29 and 30.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Take things quietly now. Consolidate rather than venture, especially from January 25 (midday) to January 26. January 27 and 28 (except from noon to 3 p.m.) can prove fortunate. January 30 mixed.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Seek changes and promotions now. Fortune favors most Librans. January 25 (dawn to forenoon) fair. January 26 (to noon and after 3 p.m.) good, but be discreet. Plan ahead.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Beware troubled days if you are rash or impatient now. Avoid changes, discord, and worry, especially on January 25 (to midday). January 26 adverse. January 28, 29, and 30 poor, too.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Unspectacular days. January 25, 29, and 30 may be rather difficult. January 26 and 27 (except noon to 3 p.m.) can be helpful.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Consolidate any recent changes or gains. January 26 can be adverse; be cautious. January 28 (before noon and after 3 p.m.) can be fair. January 30 unreliable.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Keep busy now. Fortunate changes and opportunities possible. Seek desired goals, especially on January 25 (before noon) and January 27 (to dusk). January 26 (except from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) excellent. January 28 very fair, but avoid over-confidence.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): January 25 rather poor. January 26 and 30 mildly difficult. January 27 fair. January 28 (except from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) very fair. A week for discreet progress, but do not be rash.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

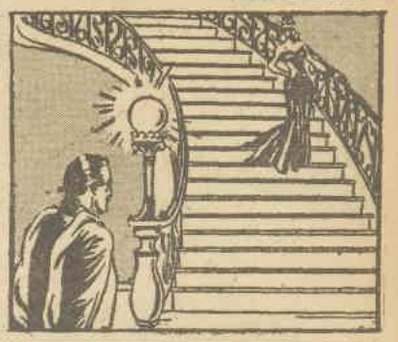
MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

*"Mopsy! How many times must I tell you not to send notes to your boy-friend on the conveyor!"*

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and
**PRINCESS NARDA:** Are all disturbed at the curious atmosphere of the masque ball which they are attending at the home of
**BARON KORD:** Of Kord Key, West Indies.

Kord tricked them into flying 2000 miles to the party. A hundred masked guests line the walls. None speak or move, except when Kord tells them to applaud. Kord insists that Narda dance with him, and the music begins, sad and depressing. NOW READ ON:



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AUSTRALIAN MIDSHIPMEN in their first ship: J. P. Brent, W. R. Dunlop, P. B. Cooper, H. C. Dillon, J. C. L. Bennett, L. G. Baly.

ABLE-SEAMAN Leslie Austin, of Dover, had his first wedding anniversary in Australia.

MANCHESTER man Able-Seaman Walter Stott wants to see our cricket grounds.

ORDNANCE-MECHANIC 4th Class William McCabe has been eleven years in the Navy.

# Men of the flagship tell their stories

## Crew chose own representatives for press interviews

**Portsmouth, Dover, Bagshot, Stirling, Sussex, Manchester, Dundee, the Cotswolds—this resounding roll-call of place-names spoken in accents of the North Country, Scotland, the Home Counties, and cockney London evoked a picture of storied Britain on the deck of a battleship which recently visited Sydney.**

The roll-call came from men of the flagship of the British Pacific Fleet, H.M.S. Howe. They were assembled to meet the Press of Australia. Men from every mustering in the ship had made their own selections of those they wanted the Australian people to know about.

SOME of them came straight from their work in oil-stained, radio overalls, others trim and spruce in tropical white kit ready for shore leave.

Sharp-eyed little Able-Seaman Walter Stott, from Radcliffe, just outside Manchester, gave a very vague off-hand account of what must have been nerve-racking experiences in his four years with the Navy.

"We did anti-aircraft guard duty in the Thames Estuary while there was a mine-laying job going on," he said. "Then we used to lie out on the convoy routes to intercept enemy aircraft as they came in to attack the convoys.

"We had to look out for floating mines, and, of course, we had a fair bit of machine-gunning.

**"After six months of that I did some shore service, then went mine-sweeping in the Irish Sea. There were quite a few mines there. I was in that for a year."**

Able-Seaman Stott was a leather-worker and a paper-mill worker before the war. He is married and has two sons, Peter and David, aged four and three.

A keen cricketer—"just village green stuff"—he is very anxious to see some of Australia's cricket grounds, that have become famous in England through the Test matches.

Ordnance-Mechanic 4th Class William McCabe claimed to have seen "pretty well all the world" in his 11 years in the Navy.

He was in the Battle of Norway H.M.S. Suffolk, and in the Mediterranean in the cruiser Penelope.

### Viscount Curzon aboard

**ONE of the executive officers in H.M.S. Howe is a great-great-grandson of Admiral Earl Howe, after whom the ship is named.**

**He is Lieut.-Commander Viscount Curzon, "Dicky" to his intimates, who was a sub-lieutenant, R.N.V.R., at the outbreak of war, and a member of the London County Council for South Battersea.**

**Lord Curzon spent his first evening ashore trying to get to Luna Park.**

**He borrowed a car, but, accustomed to England's blackout, he drove with small parking lights, and it was only after several interviews with the police that he was convinced he should turn on the headlights.**

**"I got to Luna Park just before it closed," he said, "but I had time for two rides on the dodgem."**

**He said not much had happened to him except, perhaps, when he was on shore duty in Portsmouth, the day a land-mine was dropped on his barracks, half a block was blown away and 20 were killed, and then there was the eight holes blown in the Suffolk's side off Stavenger—"I suppose you might call that damage."**

After service with the Blenheim, he joined the Howe, and one of his proudest memories is the day she steamed into Taranto Harbor, the first British battleship to do so.

William McCabe has been married three years and five months. His wife makes munitions in Manchester.

Good-looking, blue-eyed Ordnance-Artificer Ronald Horne is busy of the maintenance of a gunnery with a staff of three.

For two years he was a member with the A.R.P., then a member of the Home Guard, and has been years in the Navy. He is about 21.

Ronald Horne's home is Coventry. He worked 11 hours day through the bombing offensive try as well as doing his civil job as a toolmaker and engineer.

"I lost my two best friends in the big blitz," he said. "I was returning air-raid damage and calling an ambulance, and what I saw in those few days made me decide it was time to get my own back, so I joined the Navy." His parents' home still standing.

Stoker Petty-Officer Percy Harry Shepherd, of Roehampton, London, has been seven and nine years in the Navy. He is proud of handsome black beard.

He was in the North Sea campaign on the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Formidable, but he two months in hospital after an operation, and three months' sick service before joining one of the Yankee destroyers. Earlier three years on H.M.S. Hood.

As with most of the crew the blitz on England looms large P.O. Shepherd's war experiences many hair-raising adventures—because the blitz involved homes and families.

Shipwright Chief Petty Officer Dennis Smith comes from Fareham in Hampshire.

In seven and a half years in the Navy he has spent a lot time with Royalty.

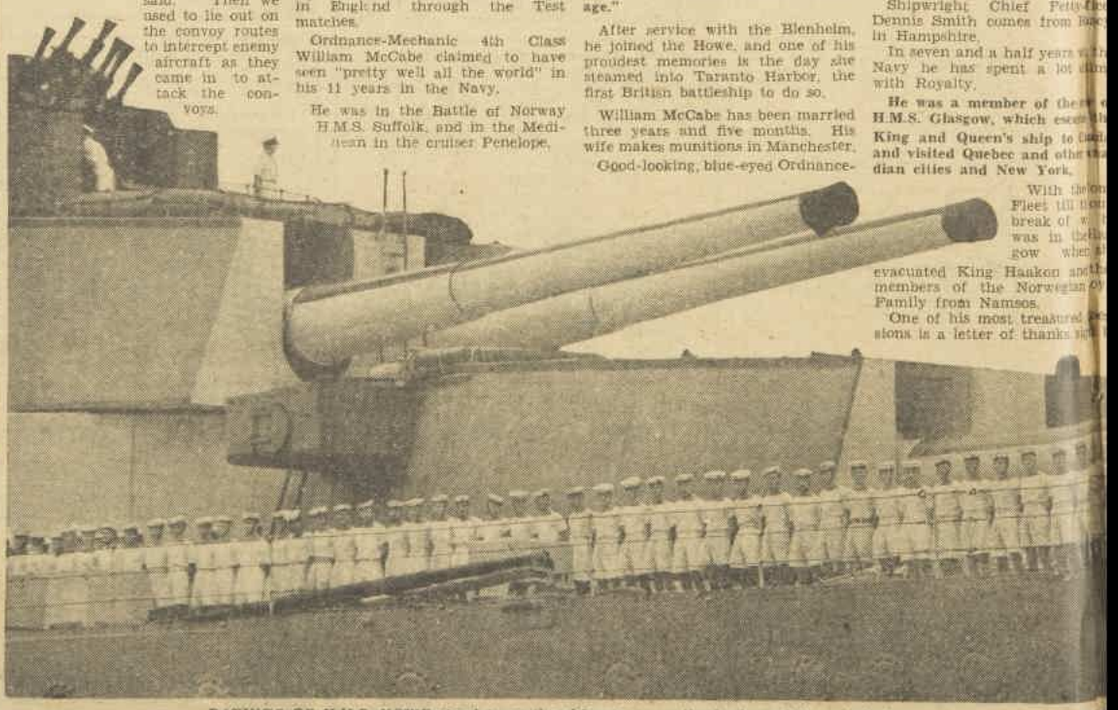
**He was a member of the crew of H.M.S. Glasgow, which escorted the King and Queen's ship to Canada and visited Quebec and other Canadian cities and New York.**

With the Pacific Fleet till the outbreak of war, he was in the Glasgow when she evacuated King Haakon and members of the Norwegian Royal Family from Namsos.

One of his most treasured possessions is a letter of thanks signed

MAINTENANCE REPAIRS. Engineroom-Artificer E. A. W. Tiley, Portsmouth, squeezes through the entrance of the furnace waterjacket in the boiler-room.

GAME OF RUMMY in the sick bay for Stoker Colin Wilson (top bunk) and Royal Marine George Roberts.



RATINGS OF H.M.S. HOWE stand to as the ship moves up the harbor. Silhouetted above them are two of the 14

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STOKER Petty-Officer Frederick Shepherd. Beard is almost three months old.

CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER Shipwright Dennis Smith has a letter of thanks from King of Norway.

COVENTRY MAN, Ordnance-Artificer Ronald Horne, worked as A.R.P. messenger in blitz.

MOTOR-LAUNCH CREW of the flagship stand by to take the hawser ashore while the ship draws in to an Australian wharf.

CAPTAIN H. W. U. McCALL, who commands the flagship, H.M.S. Howe, with his dog, "Ordinary Dog" Guinness.

King Haakon, and sent to every member of the Glasgow's crew.

Since then he has been bombed in the North Sea, and torpedoed in the Mediterranean.

His first mission ashore was to buy a present for his son, Brian, aged three and a half years.

Able-Seaman Leslie Austin, of Dover, has been with the Howe since her keel was laid four years ago.

## Two letters

"I'D hate to leave her now," he said. "I hope I'll be with her till the war's over, and we all go home."

Leslie Austin was a grocer before the war, and served his apprenticeship in a chain of grocery stores all over England.

His wife is a telephone operator, and lives at Bagshot, near Camberley.

He has had two letters since he arrived in Australia. One told him his brother, whom he last saw in Algiers (the only time since the war began), had been killed in Italy.

The other told him his father had been killed in an air-raid.

Another brother is in the Navy, stationed at Dover at present.

This week was Able-Seaman Austin's first wedding anniversary. He arranged some time ago for flowers to be delivered to his wife on the day.

Bandmaster Lawrence Farbrother, of Gloucestershire, is in charge of the Royal Marines Band which provides the National Anthem, "Life On the Ocean Wave," "Hearts of Oak," and other martial airs to enliven the waterside area every morning at "Colors."

Bandmaster Farbrother was with headquarters at Scarborough, then in the Isle of Man at the Naval College of Music training two or three hundred bandsmen.

He was in the cruiser Dauntless at Singapore, and got out "just in time."

Of the sixteen other members of the band, six have never been to sea before, and eight are still in their teens.

One of the older bandsmen was in the Scharnhorst action; another was in the Norfolk when she was hit by the Scharnhorst.

**The drummer, "Tich" Vaughan, is not much over five feet, weighs less than eight stone, but packs a big punch in the drumsticks.**

The captain gave his Press interview in the captain's cabin—the admiral's cabin when he is aboard.

Panelled in light wood, the cabin is large enough to hold a big conference table.

On the walls are prints of the great battle of the 1st of June, in which Lord Howe, after whom the ship was named, beat the French.

Captain H. W. U. McCall, D.S.O., has been in the Navy for 38 years.

In the last war he spent the first year on the African station, taking part in the blockade of the East African coast.

From 1915 to 1921 he served in destroyers, and between wars most of his service was in the Mediterranean.

When this war broke out he was naval attache to countries on the East Coast of South America.

"I was extraordinarily lucky to be in Montevideo when the Graf Spee was driven in by Admiral Harwood after the battle of the River Plate. I got a front row of the stalls view of her final demise when she blew up."

In 1940 he commanded the new cruiser, H.M.S. Dido.

"Our first contacts with the enemy were in the Mediterranean, and finally we got very severely damaged when evacuating soldiers from Crete, among whom were many Australians.

"We were hit by a 1000lb. bomb from a Stuka while bringing off 1500 troops from Erekion, on the north coast of Crete.

"Fortunately the bomb-burst was not too low down in the ship, and casualties were comparatively light—about thirty of my own ship's company and thirty soldiers were killed.

## Unexpected reunion

"WE went to U.S.A. for repairs at Brooklyn Naval Yard.

**"I had left my wife and two daughters in Canada, and returned to England on a battleship, thinking I would not see them again till the end of the war. But almost a year to the day when I said good-bye to her, my wife was waiting for me on the jetty at Brooklyn.**

"After repairs we returned to the Mediterranean in time to take part in the 1942 convoys running from Alexandria to Malta.

"One of these led up to an action that received considerable publicity when with four small cruisers and ten fleet destroyers we were intercepted by the Italian fleet. The convoy got through.

"After two years in command I was relieved and sent to Washington, where I was Chief of Staff to Admiral Sir Percy Noble, head of the British Naval Mission in Washington, for a year, so again I had an unexpected reunion with my family. They are now in England.

"I returned to Britain just in time to commission this ship in March this year."

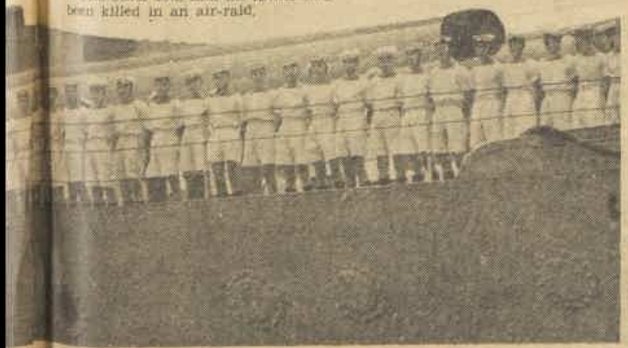
When he sailed the Captain's wife gave him a brindle bull-terrier pup to keep him company.

"His name was Prince," said the Captain, "but I didn't like the name, so rechristened him Guinness."

**Guinness is officially a member of the ship's company as "Ordinary Dog" Guinness. Owing to Australia's stringent regulations he has not yet had any shore leave.**

**The Captain is known as "Hard Over" McCall, a nickname earned in the Mediterranean when he was continually giving the instruction "Hard to port" or "Hard to starboard to dodge enemy bombers.—A.S.S.**

LIEUT.-COMMANDER VISCOUNT CURZON, in charge of men who man anti-aircraft guns, lights a cigarette for Major G. W. Ross, commanding officer of the Royal Marines aboard.



guns which are the main armament of the battleship.

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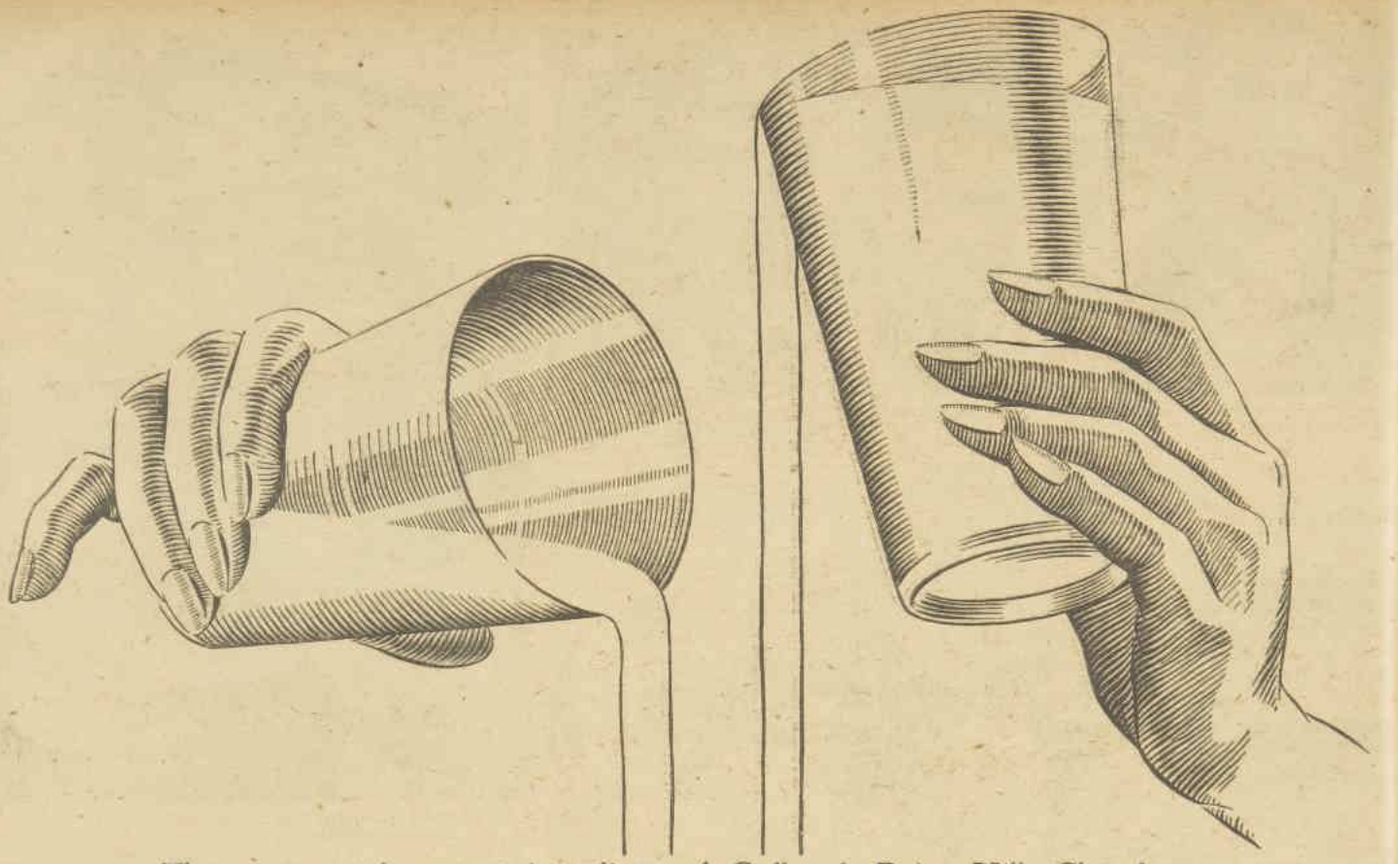
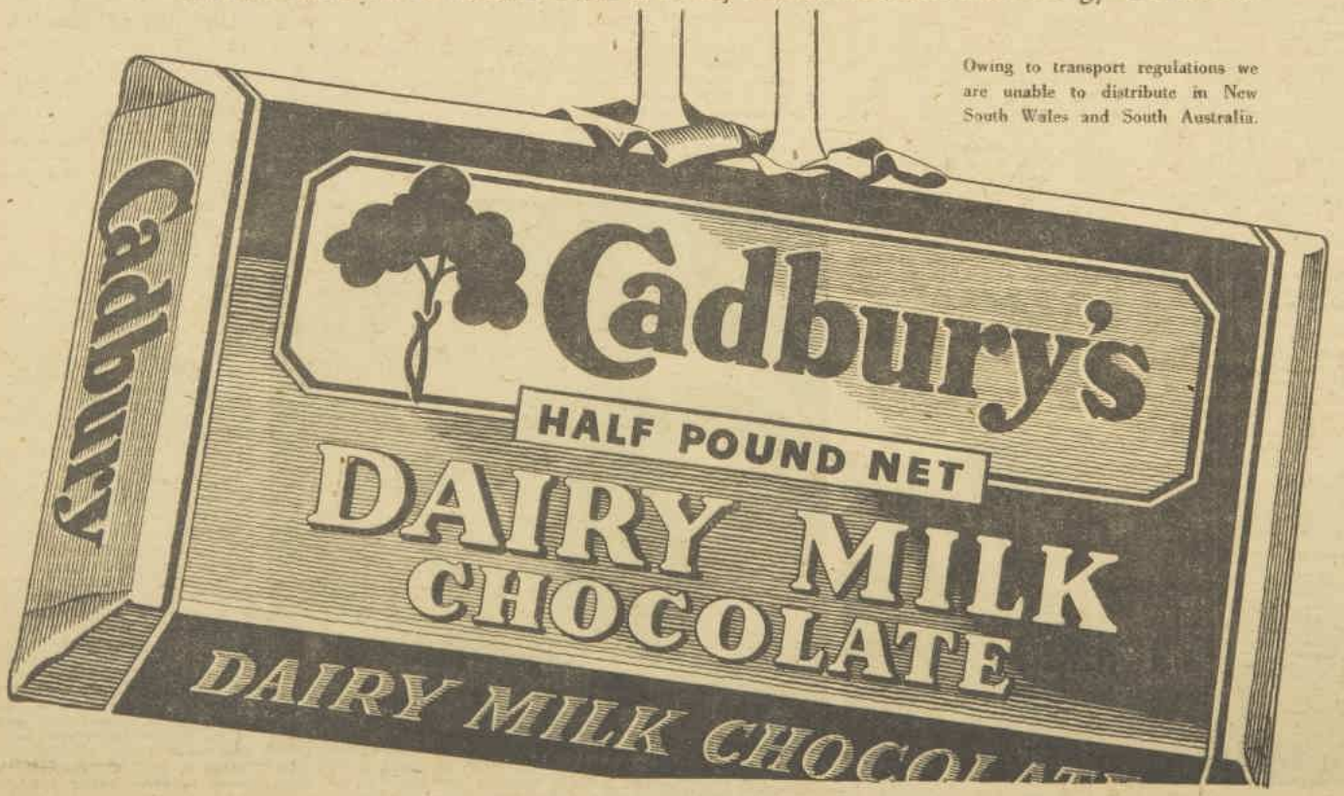


The two most important ingredients of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate are roasted and ground Cocoa beans and full-cream milk. No less than a glass and a half of full-cream milk is used in making every ½-lb. block of Dairy Milk Chocolate. During these war years you have seen comparatively little Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate, for most of Cadbury's production has been required by the Government for important war-time priorities. However, you can still obtain an occasional block of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate.

Owing to transport regulations we are unable to distribute in New South Wales and South Australia.

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*REG. LEWIS, musical director of "Australia Sings," heard from 2GB every Sunday night, at 7.25.*

# Popular vocal session

**The one hundred and fourteenth session of that popular musical half-hour, "Australia Sings," from 2GB on Sunday, January 28, at 7.25 p.m., will be another Melbourne presentation, written and produced by Jack Davey.**

THE compere will be Terry Dear, who will introduce leading Melbourne vocalists.

For more than two years "Australia Sings," an all-singing amateur and professional radio feature, has presented new vocal talent over an Australia-wide network. More than 300 voices have been featured.

"Australia Sings" has given listeners refreshing variety—operatic numbers, modern numbers, old favorites, popular airs from musical comedy, rousing ballads, and swing.

In a recent competition in New South Wales the session topped a poll of all half-hour musical shows with 524 votes.

The presentation on January 28, which emanates from the 3AW Auditorium, will feature such well-known Victorian artists as Edward Collier, Dorothy Caddy, Kathleen Goodall, George Bellmaine, Jessie Fowler, Keith Howard, Charles Sherman, and Charles Taylor and orchestra. Musical arrangements are by William Flynn.

Presentations are made from both Sydney and Melbourne, to give equal opportunity to the vocal talent in both States.

Regular auditions are held at 2GB, when producer Trafford Whitelock and musical director Reg. Lewis collaborate in selecting the most promising voices.

**Those who feel that they have a voice, and are anxious to prove it to the Australian public, should apply to "Australia Sings," c/o 2GB, for an audition.**

Sydney compere of "Australia Sings" is Keith Eadie, whose friendly voice is ideally suited for the job of acquainting listeners with the singing stars of to-day and to-morrow.

Another new feature will be introduced soon, presenting the revival of popular tunes. A narrative will be built round the song or the composer.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 31: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Jan. 25 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Jan. 26: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Jan. 27: Goodie Reeve presents R.s.v.p. Competition, "Melody Fearsomes."
SUNDAY, Jan. 28 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Jan. 29: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Jan. 30: "What's On the Stand?"

# FASHION FROCK SERVICE

**"FAITH."—Delightful Frock in Summer Floral.**

This dainty frock is fashioned from an all-over floral material of dull finish and excellent appearance, named Delighta rayon crepe. There are varied floral tonings of cyclamen on pale blue ground, blue on orchid-green background, pinks and gold on light grey, and cyclamen and gold on light turquoise ground. The style chosen is very plain, showing the new self-ruffle front from neckline to hem. The shoulders are well-extended and the sleeves short. A self tie completes the waistline.

**Ready to Wear:** 32 and 34in. bust, 69/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 76/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

**Cut Out Only:** 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 48/3 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "FAITH": In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount. Include coupons, and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust and hip measurements. You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "FAITH," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

# Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State Size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

**F3493.**—Snappy swimsuit for the slender figure. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F3499.** — Delightful 3-piece sports outfit comprising bolero, suntop, and shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 12yds. for bolero, 2½yds for suntop and shorts. Pattern, 1/7.

**F3488.**—Smart as new paint is this sports frock featured in striped and plain fabric. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 12yds. plain, 2yds. patterned fabric, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 559.—SWEET BLOUSE**

With the pattern traced clearly on a rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel tones of pink or blue, and also on plain white, this dainty blouse, with its soft neckline, extended shoulder-yoke, and well-tucked-in bodice, is the ideal garment for summer wearing.

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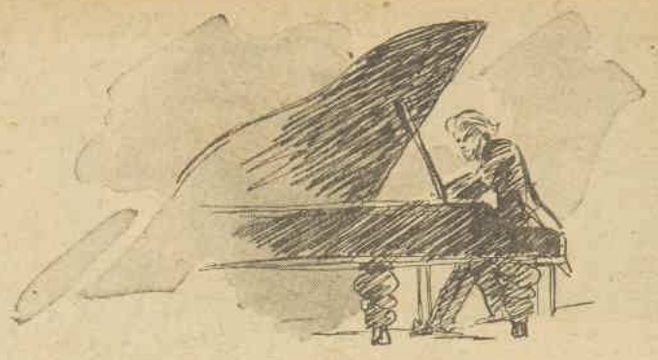
# Heavenly Harmony



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# Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 20

THE incident was on a par with many another, for she was a curiously careless woman about important things. I couldn't see myself leaving my safe unlocked and handing over the key to a comparative stranger. I read for a little longer, then crossed the hall to the bar door. The house was silent.

I found the bar candlestick on the counter, where it was invariably placed with a box of matches against emergency, and went to the small iron safe. Its door was shut, the forgotten key in the lock.

I swung it open and held the candle to illuminate the interior. There were the usual drawers, one containing a little pile of silver and some notes—the day's takings, I presumed; another with small change, and a third with a collection of old-fashioned jewellery, including a gold locket with a miniature of the late Marven. The thing was so ugly I wondered why on earth it had been kept all these years.

Stored in the safe there was also a number of oldish papers, insurances and the like, and at the extreme end of the bundle a thick parchment envelope. On its front was scribbled in Mrs. Marven's characteristic scrawl,

"With great care."

I wondered what it might be. It was lightly sealed, and I easily opened it by softening the gum very gradually in the heat of the candle flame. There were two tiny packets inside, and the seal of one was broken.

I took a used envelope from my pocket and poured a little of the white powdered contents into it and replaced it in my pocket. Then I carefully resealed the parchment covering, restored everything as I had found it, and locked and closed the bar.

The custom at the hotel was for the last person retiring to lock the front door, and, before proceeding to do so, I stepped outside for a breath of air. It was a fine, still evening with a splendid moon, and as I stood gazing up at the majestic heavens, enraptured with the beauty and silence of the night, my reverie was interrupted by the antics of a small dog which ambled up and began jumping up at me, thrusting its dirty paws at my knees.

I am not fond of dogs at any time, and I tried to drive the creature away, but, with absurd insistence, it kept returning as if, in some ridiculous way, it imagined there was a bond between us, the only two abroad that lovely night.

On the spur of the moment I drew from my pocket the envelope containing the powder I had taken from Mrs. Marven's safe. My mind was crowded with suspicion, and this seemed as good a time as any to make a test. The dog sniffed and licked up the powder, and I watched it run off in the direction of the school.

In any case, I thought to myself, the stuff was not immediately harmful to the cur, and, if it died later, I should doubtless hear about it in the morning.

I stood for a little longer enjoying the freshness of the night air, and watching the moon go gliding behind a cloud for all the world as if it were ashamed to be seen. I waited, watching for its reappearance, but it seemed determined to remain hidden and I went inside, locked up, and climbed the stairs to my bedroom, pushing the safe key under Mrs. Marven's door as I had promised.

. . . . . .

By an ill chance the dog turned out to be Hennessy's. He was fighting mad when I met him next day.

"Whoever did a thing like that should be skinned alive," he cried furiously after he told me about the animal being found dead. Apparently it had managed to reach home just in time to die. It was a little difficult for me to understand his attitude, for I distinctly remembered him telling me that the dog was by no means a thoroughbred, but some homeless mongrel that he had picked up somewhere.

At first opportunity I went for a walk along the creek, which had begun to look like its old self, though there was still considerably more water than normally. Curiosity prompted me to make my way toward the tree upon which the names "Eileen" and "Larry" were carved.

There was too much mud and slush for close approach, but I could make out that only one name remained, and I was reasonably sure that the "Eileen" had been obliterated with a knife. In any case the letters were no longer legible. I presumed that Larry had rushed there from the concert, and, in a frenzy, had symbolically erased the girl's name from his heart.

As I walked farther, noting the little geographical alterations the flood had made in the course of the creek, it occurred to me that Larry might have deliberately drowned himself.

I had, however, a more pressing problem, and began to turn over in my mind the possibility of Mrs. Marven being implicated with Helen Speek in the death of the latter's husband. After all, Mrs. Marven and Helen were friends, and had become more attached to each other in the last few days.

If Price had not provided the means to poison Speek, perhaps they had come from the hotel landlady. Judging by the fate of Hennessy's mongrel, these means were in her possession, though how on earth

### Animal Antics

"Hmm . . . no reflex"

she could be so careless as to leave her safe open, and then ask me to lock up for her I could not imagine.

She never imagined, of course, that I would be astute enough to look through it. She did not know that I had seen Speek, Helen, and Price together on the night of the blind man's death. She had no reason to distrust me. I suppose she had never dreamed that I would do more than turn the key in the lock and take it up to her when I went to bed.

More than once I had heard her ask people to perform little missions of trust with a total disregard for their qualifications. Once she had actually asked Rosie, the housemaid, to count the day's receipts for her and lock them in the safe, simply because, as she put it, she felt too comfortable and wished to "warm her tootsies" at the fire before she went to bed.

She gave the girl the key and, when it was returned, asked her in front of us all how much money there had been. When she was told she said, "Dear, dear, I'll soon be bankrupt." The amount the girl had named had sounded to me preposterously small, and I am quite sure that I should have questioned her honesty in the matter.

I found it difficult to believe that this plump, good-natured, and rather vulgar woman who spoke her mind with such disarming frankness could have been party to a cold-blooded crime, but, after consideration, I recalled that in criminal history there had been many instances of foul deeds sheeted home to the least suspected.

I thought again of the verdict of the coroner's court. It was legally recorded that Speek had committed suicide by shooting himself. Perhaps the poison I believed he had taken might have brought about the same result. If that were proved after an exhumation it would provide quite a pretty tangle.

With a grim smile I permitted my thoughts to ramble through the realms of fancy. I saw a judge scratching his wig in perturbation. How was the guilt to be assessed? If A occasioned enough poison to enter B's stomach to bring about B's death, but B shot himself before that auspicious event—was it murder or suicide?

Fancy, of course, for there was to be no exhumation. If Helen and her lover refused to be reasonable and dared me to do my worst I could not see myself playing the role of an informer, getting no more out of it than the unwelcome publicity and the cold comfort of knowing I had acted in the cause of justice. At the moment I had nothing to lose and everything to gain by my tactics.

If Mrs. Marven was implicated so much the better. It would be easier for the three guilty persons to subscribe the thousand pounds of which I had been robbed.

As I walked toward the town I played with the idea of raising my price if I became reasonably sure that the landlady had had any part in the business, but shook my head resolutely. No! I had lost a thousand. It was equitable that I should have a thousand. No more, no less. I wanted to be fair.

At the creek crossing I met Doctor Hansen driving home. He stopped his buggy and offered me a lift. He looked very listless, and told me he had been up all the previous night.

"I won't object to you taking the reins, Ferd," he said. "I feel all in." He shut his eyes and fell asleep, and, noting the drawn, weary face, as I drove to the surgery, I thought if ever Eileen and I had a son I would take good care he did not become a country doctor, working his head off for a lot of ignorant and selfish people who for the most part, I suspected, never paid their bills.

No! If the boy wished to be a doctor he should have a decent practice in the city with a fashionable clientele.

Driving into the town I observed that old Craven, who, in addition to being the hall caretaker, was also the town bell-ringer and bill-poster, had just pasted a showy placard on the side of the police station fence:

CARLO BOLDINI

I read the name as we were carried past, and wondered what it meant. I was soon to learn, for, although I had never heard of him till that moment, Signore Carlo Boldini was to play an important part in my life.

Next day Gallagher, the mail driver, surprised me with the news that Eileen and her father were in Baloola. They had come from the city by train, but the journey had been too much for the sick man and he had remained at a hotel in the railway town to rest up before continuing to his home. Naturally I was a little annoyed that I should receive this news second-hand, and felt that both father and daughter had treated me with scant courtesy.

"He's a sick man," Gallagher said. "He's coming home to die, is Mahoney, poor feller. 'Tis a pity for Miss Eileen." He shook his head sadly. "She'll need to get herself a husband soon," he went on, and I looked up, suddenly suspicious and alarmed.

He noted nothing untoward in my expression, however, and rambled on: "And her father a poor man!" he said, woefully.

"But he must have something," I suggested.

"There'll be nothing but doctor's bills left at that house, Mr. Ford," he replied. "Oh, a pile of them I'll be bound, and Doc Hansen's, if he ever sends it, at the bottom as usual."

Please turn to page 43

# Worth Reporting

CAPTAIN H. W. U. McCALL, commander of H.M.S. Howe, tells an amusing story concerning his dog, "Guinness."

"Guinness is not very accustomed to women, so when a party of Wrens came aboard and were approaching the captain's cabin he was pretty excited.

"I yelled at him in a very auth[illegible]tative voice, 'Sit dow[illegible]

"A Wr[illegible] stopped [illegible]

"Do [illegible]

"What [illegible] sir?" she [illegible]

"Guinn[illegible] plained.

"It's a [illegible] that's my [illegible]"

* * *

AN old [illegible] from th[illegible] was he on the "b[illegible]ransport."

"No," he replied, he was in a battleship.

"Oh, that would be the little boat. Well, it's a very nice little boat," she said.

### Individualist

THE post-war planners rosy schemes advance
Of mammoth planes to cleave the stratosphere,
While passengers can sleep, or dine and dance,
Or telephone their pals . . . but I don't care
I'd [illegible]
[illegible] I will
[illegible]
Perhaps a padded seat, and worked by strings—
(And no cracks, please, from you about a harp.)

—Dorothy Drain.

### Malta Medal

CAPTAIN R. C. N. DUCKWORTH, O.B.E., R.N., Deputy Chief of Staff to Vice-Admiral Daniel, of the British Pacific Fleet, carries on his key-ring a treasured possession, a silver Malta rosary medal.

He was torpedo officer on the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. Illustrious, and the medal was presented to him by the president of the British Institute in Malta to celebrate Illustrious' escape from Malta in 1941.

"I've never run into any serious trouble since I've had the medal," he says.

Captain Duckworth's sister is married to a descendant of Guy Fawkes, Major Le George Horton Fawkes.

Their home, Farnley Hall, was formerly occupied by the famous English painter, Turner. They are said to own England's finest collection of Turner pictures.

* * *

"UP-HOMERS" *is the name given by Royal Navy men from Lancashire and Yorkshire to North Country people who have entertained them in Australia.*

### Wanted known

ABLE-SEAMAN ALFRED QUINLAN, R.N., wants to contact an Englishwoman, formerly Tilly Twiss, from Camberwell, London, an old friend of his family.

She married an Australian in the last war, came out here, and revisited England eight years ago, then returned to Australia.

Able-Seaman Albert Hudson, of London, would like to get in touch with his uncle, William Hudson, who used to run a laundry "just outside Sydney."

Marine Eric Willis, of Reading, wants to find his uncle, Eric Willis, formerly with the R.A.A.F. in the Middle East and now, he believes, discharged.

### The acid test

COMMENT in British society magazine "Queen":

"At one time there was a fear that Australia might in gratitude for American help be inclined to drift more and more to the U.S.A.

"Mr. Curtin's assurance that Lord's is one of the features of Britain, which Australia means to protect, removes any such fears.

"Australia will want Test matches after the war, and only England can take the field.

"U.S.A. does not like cricket and Australia does. A country devoted to baseball will never seduce Australia from the Empire."

### Very pretty

THERE was an excited stadium atmosphere about a night battle over Morotai, watched by thousands of servicemen, between a Spitfire and a Jap bomber at 20,000 feet.

As the searchlights picked up the raider one voice was heard above the others.

"Hold him, hold him," it roared. "Give the boy a chance . . . he's got him . . . he's got him."

The "boy" was 21-year-old F/O. John Pretty, bringing down his first kill, the barracker his C.O., Wing-Commander Clive Caldwell.

### Thirty-niners

"THE Thirty-nine Steps" is a new organisation of Canadian veterans limited to those who were knocked out soon after landing in France on D-Day.

The steps are those soldiers took before being wounded and put out of the fight—twenty-six steps in the water and thirteen on the beach.

### Busier bees

WOULD you have thought it possible for tiny honey bees to carry messages like a carrier pigeon? It sounds a fantastic idea, but it has been done by retreating Chinese soldiers. The messages were printed on very thin paper and carried across the Japanese lines to the rear, where soldiers waited at the hives to receive them.

### Honesty

AUSTRALIANS who have a tussle with conscience every time the conductor fails to collect their bus or tram fares might prefer the "Honesty Boxes" carried on the Folkestone and Bournemouth (England) buses. These are for the use of passengers who reach their destination before the conductor reaches them.

The Bournemouth bus collected £187 in the first year of "Honesty Box" operation, and it was calculated that if the London buses adopted the idea, and only 1d. fare were paid in each bus per day, the total would amount to £10,000 per annum.

"He's been like that ever since he took over running the house to economise."

# "Forever Amber" rejected by film censors

*By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood*

**Fox studios paid an enormous sum for the screen rights of Kathleen Winsor's best-seller, "Forever Amber," and every Hollywood glamor girl was competing for the role of that fascinating hussy, Amber.**

**Now, after causing a sensation that promised to rival the epic "Gone With the Wind," the Hays Office has rejected the film as "too bawdy," but Fox will probably revise the script and submit it again.**

**Written about the reign of Charles II, the novel deals with Amber's startling exploits in the court of that merry monarch.**

MGM have announced that they are going to film James M. Cain's famous novel, "The Postman Always Rings Twice." They have selected no cast as yet, and they, too, may have censorship headaches.

* * *

PRODUCTION has been halted on "Along Came Jones," as Gary Cooper, producer and star of the film, has a bad attack of flu.

* * *

BARBARA STANWYCK recently signed a new contract with Hal Wallis, and is starting work immediately on the rollicking comedy, "Don't Ever Grieve Me."

* * *

EXECUTIVES of the Y.W.C.A. Annual Conference at Grand Rapids have invited Australian star Ann Richards to be their guest of honor this year.

CROONERS Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra lunched together this week to discuss the possibilities of their co-starring in a film shortly.

* * *

MONTY WOOLLEY will appear as himself in "Night And Day," the new film based on the life of popular composer Cole Porter.

* * *

WARNERS have announced six new stars for 1945. They have all made at least one film, exhibiting outstanding talents.

Lauren Bacall, sultry siren, co-starring with Humphrey Bogart in "To Have and Have Not" and in "The Big Sleep"; Dane Clark and Robert Hutton, who both score in "Hollywood Canteen"; Faye Emerson, whose marriage to President Roosevelt's son has brought her to public notice; stage star John Dall, who plays opposite Bette Davis in "The Corn is Green"; and William Price, who co-stars with Joan Leslie in "Cinderella Jones."

IN MGM'S "Hold High the Torch," Frank Morgan celebrates his sixtieth role in films.

* * *

THE other day I saw Betty Hutton affectionately hugging an Australian toy koala. The koala had been sent to Betty by an Australian soldier who met Betty during her entertainment tour in the Pacific.

* * *

LEW AYRES, who is now serving in the South Pacific war zone as assistant to an Army chaplain, was asked by Warners to start in their film, "Four Men of God," but Lew has refused the offer.

* * *

DAVID SELZNICK has selected Ingrid Bergman to star in his forthcoming production, "Notorious," and is undecided between Joseph Cotten and Alan Marshal for her leading man.

* * *

YOUNG singing star Gloria Jean has obtained a release from Universal Studios in order to make a personal appearance tour. The tour starts at New York's Capitol Theatre, where Gloria will receive nearly £A1000 per week.

* * *

EXPECTANT mother Hedy Lamarr is living in her dressing-room at MGM studios while doing the final scenes of "Her Highness and the Bellboy."

* * *

FOR the first time in four years Robert Montgomery donned screen make-up to do the first tests for the MGM film "They Were Expendable." Bob, who is a Lieutenant-Commander in the U.S. Navy, is now on the inactive service list.

* * *

INTIMATE friends of 21-year-old star Judy Garland were not surprised when she announced her intention of marrying her director, Ben Vincent Minelli. This will be the first marriage for thirty-two-year-old Minelli, but Judy, of course, was previously married to band-leader Dave Rose.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD has given Ann Dvorak a rousing welcome home with an important role in Dorothy Lamour's latest film, "Masquerade in Mexico." Ann has just returned from England, where she and her husband, Leslie Fenton, made feature films and documentaries in blitzed London.

# Film Reviews

## ★★ PHANTOM LADY

THIS mystery melodrama, deftly contrived and packed with suspense, is Joan Harrison's first producing effort—and a very creditable one. Miss Harrison was, for eight years, assistant to famous producer-director Alfred Hitchcock, and although this film lacks Hitchcock's smoothness, a lot of his brilliant technique has been captured.

The story deals with Alan Curtis, who picks up a strange woman in a bar and spends the evening with her. On arriving home, he finds his wife has been murdered and he is suspected. The situation becomes more tense when his alibi cannot be proved.

Ella Raines is excellent as the secretary who turns amateur detective, and Franchot Tone gives one of his finest performances in a sinister role.

The supporting cast has been selected with care, and contributes splendid portrayals, and as the vivacious Brazilian singer you will see Carmen Miranda's sister, Aurora.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★★ STEP LIVELY

THIS RKO musical was designed mainly to provide a fitting role for crooner Frank Sinatra, but even if you are not one of the millions of Sinatra addicts you can enjoy the spirited antics of George Murphy and Gloria De Haven, backed up by an excellent supporting cast.

The story is based on the popular stage play, "Room Service," and although the comedy is unsophisticated, verging at times on pure slapstick, and the players, consequently, are inclined to overplay their roles, it all adds up to bright escapist entertainment.

Frank Sinatra's screen technique is still awkward, but RKO have capitalised on his famous voice by providing some catchy songs.

Walter Slezak, Adolphe Menjou, and Eugene Palette handle their roles smoothly.—Empire; showing.

## ★★ WHAT A WOMAN

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S delightfully brittle comedy lifts an otherwise rather tired little show to lighthearted entertainment.

The story revolves round the invariable triangle, all treated in a very frothy manner. Miss Russell is the hard-headed career woman (a familiar role for her), Brian Aherne the wise-cracking reporter, and newcomer Willard Parker a shy professor who has written a best-selling novel.

Irving Cummings' direction is suitably brisk, but noticeably concentrated on Rosalind. Parker gives a neat performance, and Alan Dinehart and Edward Fielding head the supporting cast.—Mayfair; showing.

*ON THE SET of Universal's "Can't Help Singing," star Deanna Durbin chats to producer Felix Jackson. Marriage is predicted for these two shortly.*

## ★★ LOST ANGEL

ONE of those surprises that give even their creators a shock. It could have been such a sentimental mess, and, instead, is a lovely story with a touch of magic.

Her performance as the foundling adopted by a group of psychologists places Margaret O'Brien quite indisputably in the top flight of child stars.

Isobel Lennart, script-writer, gives her some excellent lines.

Roy Rowland directed this Robert Sisk production released by MGM, and gets over the more implausible moments as quickly as possible.

James Craig, a reporter, has the pleasing job of introducing the foundling to the world of fairy-tales, and does his job well. He and Marsha Hunt provide a mild love interest.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.


2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY — "Australia Sings" — A Melbourne presentation, featuring finest vocal talent. Sunday, 7.25 p.m.

MONDAY — "Doctor Mac" — Dispenses words of comfort and cheer. Mon. & Wed., 8.45 p.m.

TUESDAY — PLAY OF THE WEEK "Rachel" — An appealing story of a child. Tuesday, 9.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY — "Cashmere Bouquet Show" — Melody, comedy, and song . . . the ingredients for a super variety show. Wednesday, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY — "The Vagabonds" — The adventures and misadventures of the Strolling Players. Mon. to Thurs., 12 noon

FRIDAY — "Youth Speaks" — Eloquent discussions on topics of the day. Friday, 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY — "Hill Billy Round-Up" — Featuring Hill Billy Hank from way down South. Saturday, 9.30 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! Key Station of the Macquarie Network 2GB


# The Blue Letter

Continued from page 5

NANCY turned her gaze to the photo on the table, and, lifting it in her hand, smiled as she felt the flow of sweet security pass over her. It was that same day she had met Bob. She put down the photograph and, perching on an easy chair, went on reading and dreaming.

Perhaps if it hadn't been for the blinding tears obstructing her vision she might never have met Bob, she thought. Tears for John, not because he had said he was leaving that day, but because he had spoilt her dreams.

Outside, everywhere had been filled with the hurried atmosphere of Christmas Eve. Strange how you could feel so lonely in the midst of so many people.

And then she'd stumbled into Bob, her parcels flying in all directions, and his broken, boyish apologies as he vainly tried to gather them together. She had meant to be cross with him until she had seen how genuinely sorry and lonely he had looked. So unlike John, with his uneasy manner, as he spoke to her.

It had seemed the natural thing to do to ask him home for Christmas Day. She hadn't really expected him and was half amused when she saw him coming down the street, very uncomfortably carrying a bunch of flowers And how he'd blushed when she asked were they for her and then given them to her mother instead. Dear, sweet Bob! How much at home he had seemed in an inoffensive sort of way, even on the first day. He seemed to fit in, and day by day he had grown more of the family until she'd find herself enjoying his company, not even thinking of John. Yet she hadn't felt that "up in the clouds" feeling for Bob. Not wildly, insanely happy, but comfortably so. She hadn't known you could feel so happy in two totally different ways.

Yet she wondered how quickly John's appearance would upset it all, until it had happened. It was so sudden. Just a "Hello, Shorty" that didn't make her heart miss a beat, and an "I love you" that left her still standing securely on her feet. Then she had seen him. Still tall, good-looking, laughing John, unchanged by time, so demanding, so self-centred. Funny how she hadn't noticed it before, yet strangely enough she hadn't been sure, hadn't really wanted him to go when she had told him to.

She could still see him standing there, wide-eyed.

"Darling, you can't mean it! I've loved you so long, and I know you loved me too!" he'd exclaimed.

"Perhaps that has been the trouble, John," she had replied, her hands tightly clenched, trying not to see his eyes, his expression, knowing too well that if she relented now the whirlpool would continue, maybe all her life. It had had to be then. A clean break, and as he'd walked down the street she had wanted to call him back, to tell him it wasn't so, that she still wasn't sure.

But he'd gone and later there was Bob. So undemanding, so quietly loving, always there to back her up. Perhaps he had known more than he had shown that night.

Nancy picked up the letter once more, and read it. There was no quiver in her hand, no doubt in her mind as she read the blue pages. It could have been a duplicate almost of the last letter. Still the same old John, coming back for another session, trying to conquer all with a declaration of love that had worn itself out with repetition.

That night, Nancy wrote with a steady hand:

"Dear John, — Your letter is in front of me, and I am deeply sorry for you, sorry because you will never know the happiness I know, sorry because you will never escape yourself for long enough to try to understand anyone else.

"As usual, John, it's been a long time. Eighteen months this time, but it has been too long.

"In my life I have known two kinds of happiness. Your kind, for which I deeply thank you, and another, that which I now know. Where yours had to be fought for, had to be held tightly and lived to the minute in case it disappeared, this is warm and secure and engulfs my whole life. Perhaps I shall never feel that wild, exciting love I had for you, John, but I shall spend the rest of my life basking in a perfectly homely happiness that, when all else disappears, will be always there.

"God watch over you, John.

"NANCY.

"P.S.: I am enclosing a snap for you to see. It is the foundation of my true happiness, Bob and David. Bob is my husband and David my six-weeks-old son."

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# BELITA—*skater and ballerina*

By cable from
CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

**Young and attractive, Belita has had a sensational career, and has crowded a lifetime of entertaining into her twenty years.**

BORN in Hampshire, England, in December, 1924.

At 12, represented England at Olympic Games in Berlin. Was four-way medallist in ballet dancing, ballroom dancing, swimming, and ice skating.

At 14, premiere ballerina in Anton Dolin's "Blue Bird."

At 15, world's champion feminine figure skater.

At 20, a popular and promising film star.

She began to study both dancing and figure skating when she was little more than a baby. Training under Europe's best professional coaches, she passed all the required tests as a ballet dancer when nine years old, and within a year had successively won the required bronze, silver, and gold medals in skating.

The first professional triumph of the youthful Belita came on her fourteenth birthday, when she opened as the star of "Opera on Ice" at Covent Garden in London, and overnight became a favorite of the theatre-going public.

After the run of this show, an ice stage was installed in the Mogador, giant Paris theatre, and here she co-starred with Dolin in a lavish revue which included both skating and dancing.

Next the pair returned to London, where they again danced together in a ballet produced by Nijinsky, one of the world's greatest choreographers.

When Belita was 15, she and her mother came to America, where she played many individual engagements, and for two years was the star of "Ice-Capades," the travelling skating carnival which appeared in the principal cities of America.

It was December 3, 1944, that marked not only Belita's 20th birthday, but the 19th anniversary of her first appearance before an audience.

When she was only one year old she impersonated a doll on a Christmas tree at a bazaar and pantomime sponsored by members of the British Royal Family. During her entire life Belita, whose grandfather was a consulting physician of the Royal Courts of Europe, has taken part in similar affairs given by the reigning families.

## Sonja Henie

SONJA HENIE, Norwegian ice-skating star, was the first to make skating films so popular.

A three-time winner of the Olympic skating championship, Sonja arrived in New York City eight years ago, and has made history since.

Before she arrived, ice-skating in the United States was largely an amateur sport, but to-day most cities and towns have ice rinks, and dozens of troupes of professional skaters tour the country.

Sonja Henie recently completed "It's a Pleasure," her tenth skating film in Hollywood. Between pictures—and with her husband, Dan Topping, in the Army—Sonja, like Belita, tours the country with her ice carnival show.

She frequently covers 50 miles in a single day's rehearsal and in her previous film, "Wintertime," she covered 800 miles on her flashing skates.

Despite the fact that her work requires extraordinary energy, Sonja goes home afterward to get dinner for herself and her mother.

"I have to learn to cook," she says. "Most Norwegian girls are good cooks from the time they are children, but I had little chance to learn, since I began my career at eight."

*Movie World*

● BELITA, a tall and slender blonde, is one of Hollywood's most graceful stars. Under contract to Monogram, Belita has just started work on "Rhapsody on Ice," and between films she is an enthusiastic volunteer for camp entertainment shows.

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# Comedy — "Bride by Mistake"

**1 IN PROTECTING** herself from fortune-hunters, wealthy Norah (Laraine Day) is helped by Connors (Edgar Buchanan), and has her secretary, Sylvia (Marsha Hunt), impersonate her at public functions.

**2 ONE DAY** Norah is told by her fiance (Wm. Post, Jr.) that he wishes to break their engagement.

**3 WORRIED** over Norah's shattered romance, Sylvia and husband Philip ask some fliers to tea, and war ace Tony (Alan Marshal) is attracted to Norah.

**A HAZARDOUS but amusing way to determine the motive of a suitor is the basis for RKO's rollicking romantic comedy.**

**Sydney born Alan Marshal, who made a hit in "White Cliffs of Dover," is co-starred with Laraine Day.**

**Marsha Hunt, who has the second feminine lead, almost missed this film, as she was on tour of the Canadian and Alaskan Army posts, but returned the day shooting started.**

**4 PHILIP** (Allyn Joslyn) hoping that Sylvia will give up job as secretary, encourages the romance.

**5 UNCERTAIN** of Tony, Norah tells him Sylvia is the heiress and urges him to propose to her.

**6 WHEN TONY** decides to teach her a lesson and does propose to Sylvia, Norah is miserable, and Philip is in a state of utter bewilderment at flirtation.

**7 THE FARCE** continues with misunderstandings and quarrels, until Tony loses his temper, knocks out Philip and kidnaps Norah. Not till they are married does he discover that it is Norah who is really the heiress, but he forgives deception and they go off on honeymoon.


# "I'm doing my share"

YOU'RE doing a wonderful job, Mrs. Smith! We know you've a lot to put up with. You worry over shortages . . . wrestle with ration books . . . carry your own parcels . . . do without help . . . and still find time to give a day or so a week to some patriotic cause! You're a good, loyal, conscientious Australian, Mrs. Smith.

But there *is* something else you can do to help win this war more quickly. Your money that's lying idle — Australia asks you and everyone of us to lend it to her right now by buying Victory Bonds.

It's in your own interests too! There's no better, safer investment than Victory Bonds, guaranteed by the Commonwealth, with all the resources of Australia as security. You'll get a much better rate of interest — 3¼% for 16 years or 2½% for 5 years — than if the money lies to your credit in a bank, and if you need it for something urgent, you can readily sell your Bonds.

You'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you're fulfilling a most important need now! When the war is over, those Victory Bonds of yours will realise a nice round sum to buy all the things you've done without in the war years. Think it over Mrs. Smith, and on top of all you're doing now, **make it a promise** to put ALL your savings into the Third Victory Loan.

*The Third Victory Loan will open on March 13. If you haven't ready money now, start saving at once to buy* **YOUR** *bonds. If you have cash saved make it earn the highest interest by subscribing now in amounts of £10 and upwards for Victory Bonds. Full loan interest is paid on advance subscriptions from the day you lodge your money with any Bank, savings bank or stockbroker. Then start saving more to buy more Victory Bonds by instalments when the Loan is open.*

3PV20





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# Happy Memories of that last leave linger on....

. . . Memories often hard to keep sharp and clear, once back in a world stripped of all the things he knows and loves—and wants to remember.

Back in a world of strain, of anxiety and havoc—a world in which he clings to happy memories of home—of people he loves—of the dear familiar things which contributed so much to his last home leave . . .

Until the joyful day of his final homecoming, help to keep your world green in his memory with photographs—photographs from that world which holds all for which he is fighting.

Though defence needs must come first, we are making limited supplies of Kodak Film available to amateur and professional photographers for . . . . . "The Photograph from Home."

*SERVING HUMANITY THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY*

with THE PHOTOGRAPH from HOME

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# TOWERING TURBANS

● *With a black dinner-dress, try this large featherweight turban in black satin, high-soaring, and hugging the nape of the neck. A lime velvet rose and fuchsia and peacock satin bows provide effective garnishing.*

● *Lilly Dache's "liberation" hat, high-peaked and forward-twisted. She made it in tribute to the classic symbolic figure of French liberty. This one is done in blue felt, and she has made another in crimson velvet, quilted in acorn pattern.*

● *Offset a perfectly plain black frock with a dramatic turban of gleaming satin striped in eye-catching cyclamen and pale blue. The hair is worn tucked up, and the turban forms a severe but flattering frame for the face.*

● *Swirling coque feathers zoom high above the brow, and almost cover the grey velour felt helmet. Perfect for important dinner dates, but your frock should be as plain as possible. The hair is rolled low on the neck.*

## SIMPLE . . . *but sensational*

THE liberation of France, naturally close to the heart of French milliner Lilly Dache, is echoed in her designs this season.

She introduces a 1945 version of the famous Marianne, the high-peaked Phrygian cap worn by the symbolic figure of French liberty. The one which appears on this page is interpreted in deep blue felt, and she has made another in crimson velvet. The Marianne appears again and again in her collection for daytime and evening in felt, wool, and satin. Many of her turbans are soft, with side width, like the ones Mme Recamier introduced to the French in 1802.

The general impression of Dache's collection of turbans is of simple elegance, rich in color and fabric, but not ornate.

They are sometimes trimmed with jewel and sequin embroidery, are made up in feathers, zooming high from the forehead, are sometimes rose trimmed, but for the main part her turbans play down decoration and favor line and color—the latter very deep and clear in tone.

Mme Dache ensures grace by emphasising side width, leaving the eyes and forehead free.

For her sophisticated turbans, this famous designer has introduced a lovely new group of colors. New favorite shade is a vibrant deep blue, which she calls Cherbourg blue. Next in popularity comes a gay, pure red called Moulin Rouge, and there is also a sentimental pinkish violet called Amaranthus, as it was in the 19th century.

**INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION**

For new freedom and comfort; for a new sense of safety; try MEDS, the improved tampon. Made by the makers of Modess, MEDS is available with or without individual applicators.

*With Applicators:* **1/8 Box of 10**

*Without Applicators:* **1/5 Box of 10**

**Meds** FOR MODERNS

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.**

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 ***



THIS SUMMER, MORE THAN EVER TREASURE WHITE FOOTWEAR

*Shiela Ryan 20th Century Fox*

White shoes have such a variety of uses that the fashion conscious will make sure that hard to replace white favorites will receive every care.

And that means Kiwi the White Cleaner which lasts longer and cleans whiter.

**KIWI WHITE**

COUNTRY PRICES 6d SLIGHTLY HIGHER


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# AND GAY SNOODS . . . by Lilly Dache

● *A broad band of grosgrain across the head, and two nets—one turquoise, one black—are used by Lilly Dache for this do-it-yourself cocktail snood. The famous milliner scatters the grosgrain with bright flowers, and circles the head with a narrow ribbon band. The stiff veil jutting over the forehead adds piquancy and charm to the profile.*

● *For dinner dates, copy this glamorous arrangement of two coarse black nets. A lush pink rose is tucked through the mesh of the front net, and backed with a flat bow of grosgrain.*

● *One net capturing the back hair, and another sweeping stiffly forward over the forehead, make an enchanting evening headdress. The nets are joined cleverly with a top-knot of white lace chrysanthemums.*

● *Two nets in deep moss-green are the basis for this appealing spring-like headdress strewn with a riot of red sweet peas. The back net drapes the chignon, is joined by front net which is pinned back from hairline. Lovely style for young things.*

## Nets replace hats

LILLY DACHE has set the fashion for a series of you-can-do-it-yourself headdresses for the woman who has to depend on her own ingenuity to have a lovely hat. The secret of it all is the new Dache net, called her visible net.

These nets are in one size, but can be pinned or snipped to suit the style of the coiffure, contour of the head, or length of the hair. The nets are used singly and in pairs, and any woman who can pin a curl in her hair can do wonders with the Dache net.

Favorite colors are Chinese red, turquoise, green, or black, and, embellished with flowers or ribbon, these nets are the answer to every woman's dream of as many headdresses as she has costumes.


Convalescence!

During the anxious days of recovery after an illness-you will derive much benefit from

CLEMENTS TONIC

CT3/124

To Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild, but thoroughly antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful happiness.

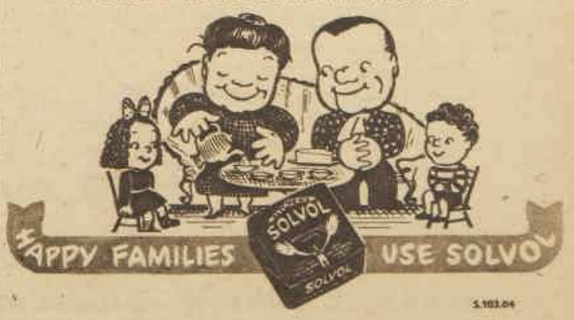
Cuticura SOAP

One of a famous trio, Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum.

HAPPY FAMILIES

MRS. MOP, THE HOUSEWIFE

Ma cleans the grate and stove and sink
And my! Her hands get black as ink.
"Fie, fie, those housework hands!" said Pop
And got some SOLVOL at the shop.
It saved her hands, now all is well,
Ma cleans the house *and* looks a swell!

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# Yes, Sonny's Toy needs oil too!

. . . and as he grows up, oil will play a part in his every activity. In microscopic instruments and massive machines developing thousands of horsepower—oil is necessary for mechanical operation.

A ship bunkers with over a million gallons of fuel, a turbine is charged with over 2,000 gallons of oil, a steel quenching pit with 5,000 gallons—but whether products be for a simple household need or of the technical industrial type, meeting exacting specifications, there is a background of research and proved performance. The oil industry accepts the responsibility of safely powering and lubricating expensive equipment on which great enterprises depend.

Oil is used in every walk of life—it contributes to the convenience, safety, and mobility of man.

Atlantic affiliates are the world's oldest and largest refiners—leaders in industrial research, upon whom the Allies have relied for vast quantities of new products required in war and industry. For quality—trust Atlantic!

Listen to "ATLANTIC RECITAL FOR TWO" every Saturday, 9 p.m. 2UW—3UZ

A5

## ATLANTIC PRODUCTS

*for Industry – Agriculture – Transport*

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# Vibrant and dramatic MAKE-UP

## to match new fashions

From ANNE MATHESON in New York

*LIPSTICK is used lavishly to give warmth and vivacity to the face. The new foundation cream gives the skin a rosy kind of glow, over which an opalescent shade of powder is dusted. . . Note "dog" collar.*

*AMERICAN beauty experts say that the face becomes dwarfed and insignificant beneath the large, decorative hats unless make-up is vibrant and dramatic.*

*THIS STRIKING ensemble carried out in black slipper satin calls for a gay, brilliant make-up to add the final dramatic touch.*

EVERYONE here is talking of the "new look" demanded by fashion for the winter season. Clothes have reached a new high in elegance and hats are the conversation piece of the hour.

The face this season must be dramatised to wear the new fashions. Otherwise it becomes dwarfed and unromantic beneath the large and decorative hats of another day; it sinks into insignificance above the gowns swathed closely to the throat.

Current trends follow closely the fashions of the dashing beauties of the gay 'Nineties who lived in the romantic, gaslit era of horse and buggy.

From this nostalgic era comes not only the inspiration for the winter clothes, but an exciting new make-up color called plush-red. It is deep, intense, glowing, and matches the warm-toned fuchsias, plums, greens, and purples of the new clothes. It is smart with black and white, too, and makes the newest of all color combinations, black and brown, easy to wear.

This new plush-red make-up gives the skin a rosy kind of glow. It forms the foundation.

Over this make-up an opalescent shade of face powder is dusted, giving the romantic, translucent quality that is mysterious and exciting.

Lipstick is used lavishly. Deep, full-bodied shades are worn that give warmth and vivacity. . . . Orchid-red lipstick is used for purples, red velvet for burgundy, apple-red for browns, red velvet and red raspberry for black.

## SUNBATHING FOR BABES

By Our Mothercraft Nurse.

SUNLIGHT is life-giving, but wrongly used it can be dangerous for babes and toddlers as well as adults.

A leaflet telling mothers how to use sunshine safely for their babes has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney.

Women who lead the strenuous life

Public appreciation of the value of 'Phyllosan' increases every day, and in times of abnormal stress the revitalising effect of these wonderful little tablets is more than ever acceptable.

The fame of 'Phyllosan' has spread throughout the world and, in the words of a leading medical journal, it "has stood the test of time and the developments indicated suggest a still wider use of this product in the future."

The revitalising effect of a course of 'Phyllosan' tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

We say again that, if you take 'Phyllosan' tablets *regularly*, we believe the results will astonish you

PHYLLOSAN

helps to keep you fit after forty

'Phyllosan' tablets are obtainable of all Chemists and Stores

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London

*Don't spend—Lend! Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.*



JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

The proven remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and all kindred ailments. Get a jar to-day, 1/6 and 2/6.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



PICTURE STORY

*Hard to sleep*

*Hard to work*

*Hardly worth living!*

That's the way it goes when you can't sleep. Don't put up with it a minute longer! To-night—*sleep!* Just drink a cup of hot Horlicks last thing before bed . . . you'll sleep . . . quickly . . . deep, restful sleep. You'll wake in the morning refreshed.

The valuable food elements in Horlicks will have done their work . . . the proteins repairing body tissues . . . calcium fortifying teeth and bones . . . carbohydrates building up new energy.

No trouble to prepare Horlicks. Simply add hot water and mix well. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

*Get* HORLICKS *to-day and SLEEP to-night*


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No wonder this baby Panda looks sad! This was taken when he lived in the Berlin Zoo, and that couldn't be much fun for any Panda!

Ming, the giant Panda at the London Zoo, is being helpful by giving a hand with the broom while friend keeper cleans out his cage.

This Panda pretends he isn't interested in being photographed, but it's easy to see he's showing off his black-and-white side markings.

It's Christmas time at Whipsnade Zoo, and this Panda is trying to find out just what Father Christmas left in the foot of his stocking.

Believe it or not, this is a real, live Panda! This rare and delightful animal comes from the bamboo-clad mountains of China and was first discovered in 1800. But it was only during the last few years that the people of England and America were able to see the Giant Panda in their own zoos.

Mynor thinks it high time Australians got to know this enchanting black-and-white caricature of an animal so here he is . . . with all the lovable characteristics of our own Koala Bear, but instead of eucalyptus, he eats bamboo shoots. The Panda's as friendly as can be and that's why the thousands of children who go to Whipsnade Zoo, just outside London, spend hours watching his tricks.

Because children everywhere like him so much, the makers of Mynor Pure Fruit Juices have decided to adopt him as their own.

*Although the Panda is a novelty to Australians, everyone here knows just how good Mynor Fruit Cup is. They know that Fruit Cup gets its delicious flavour from fresh, sun ripened fruit and that it is a perfectly balanced blend of the juices of Oranges, Lemons, Passionfruit and Pineapples. That is why the men of the Fighting Forces used it for health's sake in tropical climates.*

# MYNOR FRUIT CUP

PANDER TO YOUR PALATE WITH MYNOR FRUIT CUP

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# Light Meat Dishes

*BABY MARROWS, stuffed with minced round steak and served with minted potatoes, young carrots, and spinach, with fruit and coffee to complete the menu.*

By OLWEN FRANCIS
*Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.*

● "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "respect your dinner . . . enjoy it properly. You will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life the happier if you do."

HERE are the dishes to implement this advice by one of our greatest writers and philosophers . . . creations to sharpen the pleasure of cooking, of serving—and of dining.

British cooks are so often accused of knowing little of the fine art, of the subtleties of good meat cookery.

We have much to learn from the kitchens of France, with their simple methods of cooking and flavoring. There is the marinading in wine or vinegar and herbs to tenderise meat . . . the use of household herbs so that flavors merely enhance and not overwhelm the distinctive flavor of the meat . . . the uses of the cocotte and casserole for braising and for the 101 combinations that can glorify the name of a stew.

These little meat dishes are suitable for any meal of the day. They are especially recommended for warm-weather dinners with light vegetable accompaniments, a salad to follow, and then cheese and fruit or an iced sweet.

### LITTLE STUFFED MARROWS

(Delicious for breakfast or luncheon, or as main dinner dish with cheesed sauce or browned tomato sauce and hot vegetables.)

**Six baby marrows, pepper and salt, vinegar or lemon juice, 1lb. round steak, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 or 3 tablespoons of white crumbs browned in a little hot fat.**

Wash the marrows, do not peel or cut, and cook until tender in boiling salted water, about 10 minutes. Drain, cut across top and scoop centre, reserving cut and scooped portion for a vegetable entree (as marrow in a cream cheese sauce for breakfast). Season lightly with vinegar or lemon juice. Mince the steak and mix with breadcrumbs, minced onion, salt, and parsley. Stir over a low heat until the mixture just changes color. Pile into marrow, sprinkle with browned crumbs, and re-heat in hot oven (425deg. F.) for about 10 minutes. Serve piping hot. For four to six.

### CHEESED ESCALOPES OF VEAL

(Try them a la Contadina with a sauce of tomato puree and spaghetti seasoned with shallot or the faintest suggestion of garlic.)

**One pound veal steak, 1 lemon, pepper and salt, 1 egg, about 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup finely grated cheese.**

Cut the veal into small, thin slices and season with lemon juice, pepper and salt, and stand half an hour after seasoning. Dip in beaten egg and milk and then coat with a mixture of breadcrumbs and cheese. Shallow fry, turning frequently, until cooked through and well browned, 7 to 10 minutes. Arrange in centre of hot dish in overlapping slices. For three or four.

### SWEETBREADS METROPOLE

(After braising, these are dressed in a cheese sauce, topped with browned breadcrumbs, and served with cucumber fritters . . . a sophisticated dish.)

**Two fairly large sweetbreads, 2 to 3 cups diced mixed carrot, onion, celery, turnip, ½ pint good white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, 4 tablespoons browned breadcrumbs.**

Soak sweetbread in cold, salted water for ½ hour. Blanch by covering with water, bringing to the boil and rinsing in cold water. Remove any dark skin, gristle, and fat, and then braise on top of the vegetables in a covered pan for 45 minutes. Cut into ¼in. slices, arrange on entree dish, and mask with hot sauce whipped with the cheese. Top with crumbs and serve with golden-brown vegetable fritters.

### SAVORY BEIGNETS OF BRAIN AND LIVER

(The little browned fritters of brain and of liver are mixed pell-mell in the centre of a hot dish and served with lemon.)

**Four sets of brains, ½ lamb's liver, flour, pepper, salt, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, about 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, frying fat.**

Cover brains with cold water, slowly bring to the boil, simmer 3 minutes, and drain. Pour boiling water over liver and drain. Cut brains into four to six pieces and liver into about the same-sized pieces. Season and roll in flour. Dip in the beaten egg and milk and toss in the breadcrumbs. Shallow fry in a pan of fuming fat, turning several times. When well browned they are cooked. Drain on crumpled paper and serve piping hot with lemon. For four.

### GRILLED KIDNEYS WITH TARTARE SAUCE

(For an epicure . . . piping hot for breakfast or served with fried potato slices and creamed spinach as a dinner entree.)

**Six to eight lambs' kidneys, 1 egg, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, 1 cup thick mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon or more chopped shallot, 1 tablespoon chopped capsicum.**

Pour boiling water over the kidneys, pouring off at once. Cut in halves lengthwise, removing skin and core, and season with pepper and salt. Dip them in beaten egg and breadcrumbs and arrange on skewer or on fine gridiron. Grill, turning frequently, for 7 to 10 minutes. Serve piping hot with sauce tartare, made by adding parsley, shallot, and capsicum to the mayonnaise. For two to four.

### BEEF BOULETTES A LA FRANCAISE

(Serve with American cream gravy and French fried potatoes.)

**One pound round or topside steak, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, flour.**

Mince the steak finely, add the breadcrumbs, minced onion, and remaining ingredients. Cook over a low heat until the mixture just changes color. Roll into balls, flouring thickly, and deep fry until just brown in fuming fat. For three or four.

Continued on page 38

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HANSEN'S makes JUNKET Every time!

Because Hansen's British Junket Tablets are stronger in rennet than any other, they enable you to make a richer, firmer, quicker-setting Junket at a lower cost.

One Hansen Tablet makes TWO full pints of Junket that the whole family will welcome as a delicious and nutritious summer dish.

Order HANSEN'S by name.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS


# CHERRY RECIPES...

## top prize list this week

● First place this week to a delicious cherry tart with a marshmallow frosting and second place to a cherry pickle, colorful piquant addition to summer salads or winter curries. Make and serve them!

To avoid stone-dodging, rub the stewed cherry filling for pies and tarts through a colander.

This goes for jam makers, too. Remember, for jam 1lb. sugar to each 1lb. of fruit, and for better jelling adding also 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

To candy cherries is easy: Boil them until just tender in a syrup of equal quantities of sugar and water, adding also a squeeze of lemon to the syrup; drain and dry in a very slow oven, door slightly open, until quite free from moisture . . . these are delicious as candies or in puddings, cakes, and sauces.

### MARSHMALLOW CHERRY PIE

**Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, vanilla.**

**Filling.—One pound cherries, ½ cup water, 4oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.**

**Topping.—One cup sugar, ⅔ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 egg-white, vanilla, squeeze of lemon juice.**

Sift flour, rub in shortening, add sugar, and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg, milk, and vanilla. Roll out and line tart plate. Bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Boil sugar, water, and cherries until soft. Add cornflour blended with a little cold water, and cook 3 minutes. Cool and place in pastry-case. Boil gelatine with water and sugar; cool. Flavor with vanilla and lemon juice. Beat until thick and white. Add stiffly beaten egg-white and pile on top.

**First prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Falcy, "Rawdon," Barton St., Kogarah, N.S.W.**

### SWEET CHERRY PICKLE

**To every 6lb. cherries allow 6lb. sugar, 1 stick of cinnamon, 1oz. cloves, ½oz. mace, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, and sufficient vinegar to cover.**

Boil vinegar, sugar, and spices 20 minutes, and pour over stalked cherries. Allow to stand 4 days in an earthenware jar. Pour into a preserving pan, simmer 10 minutes, not allowing cherries to break. Cool and bottle.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. McCann, 12 Franklin Ave., Flinders Park, S.A.**

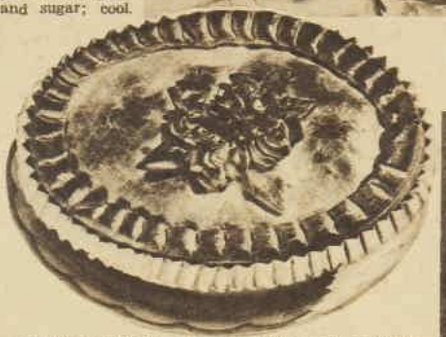
### CARROT CHEESE CAKES

**Half pound of shortcrust pastry, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, 4oz. sugar, ½lb. sultanas or currants, grated nutmeg, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.**

Line patty-tins with pastry. Mix grated carrot with flour, fruit, sugar and nutmeg, and bind with beaten egg and milk. Fill into pastry-cases and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 144 Tenate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.**

*TOMATO JELLY TARTS for a summer buffet . . . jelly the puree and pile into crisp cheese pastry-cases, decorate with salad vegetable shapes as shown above.*



*A FEW MINUTES spent in decorating a pie can make all the difference to its appearance. And don't burn it!*

*DON'T OVERLOOK the daily salad for health and beauty's sake. And remember this: Grating vegetables on a fine-stranded wire sieve is easier on the finger-tips than the usual rough sieve. Grate vegetables for salad just before use.*


Clean smoothly... keep woodwork spotless with VIM

cleans without...



Are you always weary... do you lack vigour, or suffer constant pain?

—then take a course of

Elasto REGISTERED

TABLETS

**Blood, Veins, Arteries, Etc.**

Thousands of sufferers have gained relief from this wonderful biomedical treatment. It has long been realised that unnatural weariness and many chronic pain conditions are frequently the result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Elasto goes to work right at the source of unhealthy conditions of the blood. Elasto creates within the system a new health force. It promotes a feeling of well being and arouses the inherent healing powers of the body, with the result that ailments arising from poor blood condition are quickly relieved. The speed with which Elasto goes to work is truly amazing. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition; arteries become supple; skin troubles clear up and leg wounds heal naturally; piles and rheumatism are relieved. This is not magic—it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

**"What is ELASTO"? Free Booklet Answers Questions**

A free booklet—see offer below—answers the question that everybody is asking. In simple terms it explains just how Elasto revitalises the blood. It explains that Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell food that restores to the blood elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, thus enabling nature to assist elasticity to the broken down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, etc., and so re-establish normal healthy circulation. **It is this restoration of proper circulation that brings the quick relief that you seek.**

**What users of ELASTO say:**

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

**Send for FREE Booklet**

Simply send your name and address to "Elasto", Box 1552 E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

*Elasto will save you pounds!*


## Light meat dishes

Continued from page 37

### STUFFED OLIVES OF LIVER

**One pound calves' liver, 2 cups bread seasoning well flavored with chopped onion, herbs and chopped bacon, if available, dripping, 1½ tablespoons flour, 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 or 3 tomatoes.**

Cut the liver into slices of even thickness, salt and pepper each slice and cover with the moist bread seasoning. Roll each slice and secure with thread. Brown in hot fat, about 1 tablespoon. Add flour, brown, and add water, salt, and chopped skinned tomatoes. Cover pan and cook gently for about 20 minutes. Cut and draw off strings from rolls, lift on to hot dish, and pour sauce over rolls. The sauce may be sharpened further in flavor by adding lemon juice, vinegar, or wine to taste. For four.

### TRIPE A LA KING

**One pound tripe, 2 onions, few celery leaves, 1 or 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch red pepper, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch nutmeg, 1 red capsicum parboiled and chopped, 1 cup chopped celery.**

Cover tripe with cold water, bring to boil, simmer five minutes, drain and chop into inch squares. Tie sliced onion, cloves, and celery leaves loosely in muslin, and place with tripe in pan. Cover with water and simmer gently one hour. Pour away half the water, remove muslin bag and add flour blended with a little milk, and remainder of the milk. Bring to boil, stirring well; add capsicum and celery, pinch of nutmeg and of red pepper, and salt to taste. Simmer five minutes. Serve hot.


CREAM of TARTAR

How often have you wished for CREAM OF TARTAR since the war commenced! But do not despair; as soon as circumstances permit CREAM OF TARTAR will again be the dependable "raising" ingredient of your favourite baking-powder or self-raising flour.



A BRAND WORTH REMEMBERING!

THE FAMOUS BRITISH GUARANTEED Sundek Fabric

SMARTER FOR SPORTSWEAR, STREETWEAR AND UNIFORMS

"B.O."s peak days are here

Beware! There's "B.O." danger in warm-weather perspiration. Use Lifebuoy in your daily bath or shower. Its refreshing lather sweeps away every trace of hot stickiness. Lifebuoy with its special health element stops "B.O." from head to toe.

W.112.2

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# Doing a Mansized job?

## ... then enjoy this MANSIZED BREAKFAST

## Just add milk and it's SERVED!

You can't do a man-sized job on a boy-sized breakfast. Follow the advice of dieticians and get at least one-quarter of your daily nourishment at the breakfast table—with a properly balanced meal that includes whole-wheat cereals! You'll find it puts you on your toes and keeps you going even through the toughest morning. So easy too! Two Weet-Bix with milk and sugar are served in a matter of seconds—yet these famous Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits are so rich in whole-grain nourishment that they are a completely satisfying and sustaining meal on their own! And because they are deliciously flavoured with pure wholesome malt they give you extra energy as well as grand eating enjoyment! All grocers!

# Weet-Bix

THE NATION'S BREAKFAST BISCUIT!

MADE IN THE COUNTRY BY THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

WH154-3862

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AT YOUR COUNTRY'S SERVICE!

"I'm doing my bit for Australia's war effort, as an approved finish for vital equipment, aircraft, vehicles, etc. It's full-time war service that 'Dulux' is giving, so I can't help you on your 'civilian' jobs at present.

B·A·L·M DULUX

DW3

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERSEDES ENAMELS and VARNISHES

BUT— I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER

British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

# AVOID STRAIN IN LIFTING

*IF YOUR SKIRT is tight, bend your knees sideways, as shown above, when picking up a parcel. Keep back straight, pelvis tucked in. Even a small object should be picked up from the floor this way.*

*MOST WOMEN pick up a parcel or lift a case this way. It's wrong. If the case be heavy, you may strain the muscles of your back.*

*RIGHT WAY to lift: Straighten hollow in back, roll pelvis under, and lower body by bending knees until you can easily reach parcel without stretching the arms.*

- Know the right way to lift heavy cases or parcels in order to avoid strain and stress and pain.
- Even the strongest man can injure himself if he lifts things the wrong way.

By MEDICO

"I THINK I've strained my back," complained Joyce Kennedy this morning. "I had to lift a case of fruit on to the kitchen table, and I got a sudden pain as I was turning round with the case in my hands."

I took a cushion from the couch in the surgery and dropped it on the carpet.

"Now, Joyce, I would like you to bend down and pick up the cushion, using the same movement as you used in lifting the case."

Joyce kept her legs straight, bent her back, stretched her arms, and picked up the cushion (note centre illustration).

"Put the cushion back on the carpet, and watch what I do."

I stood beside the cushion, straightened the hollow in my back, rolled the pelvis under, and lowered my body by bending the knees until I could easily reach the cushion without stretching my arms.

I stayed squatting in that position for a few moments, so that Joyce could see my posture. Then I raised myself and the cushion until my legs were quite straight. Keeping my back stiff, I turned round by using short shuffling steps until I was facing the table on which I placed the cushion.

"Even the strongest man can strain his back if he lifts the wrong way," I said. There are six simple rules which everyone should know.

## Lift things this way

**1.—Test the weight of the box. Keep your back straight, and tail tucked in, and see if you can lift the box, using your legs alone. If your legs can't lift your body and the box, it's too heavy. Get help.**

**2.—If you get help, see that all those lifting know how to lift. Otherwise one of you may be left to "carry the baby."**

**3.—Keep your back straight, and lift with the legs alone. Take a tip from the professional "strong man." He lifts in stages, using his legs in each stage.**

**4.—Make separate movements of lifting and turning. Face straight ahead until the lift is accomplished. Then turn the whole body together, using the feet to make shuffling steps. Keep the arms bent, and if possible move the box or sack on to one hip to take the strain off the arms.**

**5.—Even if you are picking up a small object from the floor, keep the back straight and bend the legs. If your skirt is too tight to bend the legs in a squatting position, keep the knees together, if necessary bending them both to one side. A skirt tends to interfere with heavy lifting; slacks are more suitable.**

**6.—Make all movements smooth. Avoid jerking.**

"Being a man, you wouldn't understand why a woman would rather bend her back than her legs," said Joyce. "Bending the way you suggest might start a ladder in her stocking."

"But isn't it better to risk a ladder in the stocking than a ladder in your back muscles?" I asked.

"There's only one answer to that," replied Joyce, wincing as she rose from her chair.

(All names used are fictitious.)

TIRED EYES

A drop of Murine in each eye will soothe, cleanse and refresh. Ask your chemist.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Designed by Adelyn

See them first!

Latest Summer Styles

LOOK FOR THE Adelyn LABEL AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powders.

BARKO Condition Powders 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powders and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

We interviewed Frances Mullane

. . . of course she could only gurgle, but here's what she meant . . . "I go for *both* Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Oil, and my mother knows just how to use 'em to keep me so comfortable I forget to wiggle."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

JOHNSON'S BABY OIL

*Products of Johnson & Johnson*

BEST FOR BABY . . . BEST FOR YOU!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

COULD HARDLY WALK!

Now Works, Scrubs and Polishes

R.U.R. brings swift benefit to Victorian mother . . .

There are many people still who have not obtained the benefits which R.U.R. brings so swiftly. R.U.R. is famed for its five-fold action as a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective.

It creates energy, charm, personality, radiant living, and in cases of rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and the like it quickly gets them under control, stops the pain and makes life worthwhile again. Mrs. Lillian Anderson, of 21 Lansdowne Street, Pascoe Vale, proves this when she writes as follows:

"I have been that bad that I could hardly walk. I was in hospital, but it did no good. After I came home from the hospital I said to my children, 'I am going to give R.U.R. a go and see what it does to me.' So I started to take it and now here I am. I can go back to work, scrub and polish with the best of them. I walk a mile and a half twice a day and home again, and up till last September was looking after my sick husband. I don't mind if you put my letter through the paper, every word is true, thanks to R.U.R."

Take R.U.R. yourself when you are feeling run-down or suffering from joint or muscle pains. In no time you will feel better and the dreary outlook of a pain-filled life will have vanished. Take R.U.R. regularly for a while. Smaller size, 4/-; the money-back guaranteed full treatment, 7/6. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE

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# Many Happy Returns to Fay Lorraine Morgan

*NEW YEAR'S DAY—lovely day for a birthday. Fay smiles in true movie-star fashion as she grabs the knife for the cake-cutting ceremony. Her parents and friends ate the cake in her honor. Fay got a fragment of the icing.*

*Take Ten Years Off Your Looks!*

Bring new charm and personality to grey hair with NAPRO Hair Dye—latest dye made on an Oil Shampoo base. Ask for NAPRO Hair Dye at beauty salons, chemists and stores. Available in twenty-one undetectable shades.

napro hair dye

*. . . for Radiant Loveliness*

You'd Never Guess . . that she had just completed a late shift in an essential industry . . . but correct skin care with Kathleen Court Face Powder, and Facial Youth Powder Base, is a marvellous beautifier.

Kathleen Court

Supreme aids to LOVELINESS

If difficult to obtain write Kathleen Court, 170 Clarence Street, Sydney.


## She was our 1944 New Year baby

BORN at Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney, on January 1, 1944, Fay Lorraine Morgan was selected as a perfect specimen of healthy babyhood by Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse.

A lovely baby, she has developed into a bright and fascinating little toddler.

The monthly records showing her progress and development published for the benefit of mothers have created much interest, and won her countless friends. She has also captured the hearts of servicemen, become a "pin-up" girl.

Her Christmas mail was heavy and on her birthday she received telegrams of good wishes from servicemen in New Guinea, and from all parts of Australia.

Special reports on Fay's progress have been made monthly by Sister Jacob for the assistance and interest of mothers everywhere, but now Fay has celebrated her first birthday Sister's reports will be at longer intervals.

Sister Jacob will be glad to give advice to all mothers. Her offices are now situated on the 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge St., Sydney.

*SHE STEALS a spot of icing, but, oh, how good it tastes.*


WORMS

MENACE CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Don't take chances with your children's health or your own. Tiredness, loss of weight, irritability are symptoms of worms. SAN-O-LAX quickly, safely, surely clears them from the system. It's pleasant to take, too.

*YOUR chemist sells*

SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.



CORNS *lift out* Gone

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of **Frozol-Ice** and pain goes. This better-type anaesthetic action works fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with **Frozol-Ice**—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice.**


## Passionfruit easy to grow

By Our HOME GARDENER

FOR the backyard gardener passionfruit is a simple, easily controlled plant.

Practically nothing but a trellis, lattice, or strongly built fence is required—plus good soil and an assured water supply.

It dislikes cold, changeable weather, thirsty soil or climate, and having to forage for a living unaided by man. At the same time it is a crop that makes more response than most to good cultural conditions and sensible treatment.

The soil must be well drained, rich and retentive of moisture, and the subsoil must be open and not liable to waterlogging. Shelter is necessary from adverse winds, but at the same time the crop does best in a sunny situation.

The ideal situation is one well protected from prevailing winter winds, and located with a gradual slope east to north, free from frosts, and open to the sun as much as possible.

One of the greatest weaknesses is the shedding of the blossoms. This, it has been discovered, is due to faulty pollination.

Gardeners who will spend some time hand-pollinating the blossoms will obtain heavy crops from vines that have previously dropped all blooms without fruiting.

This can be done by dabbing the pollen from one flower to another with a bit of cotton-wool or a small soft brush, in the middle of the day when the pollen is dry.

Care should be taken to transfer the pollen from the stamens to the pistil in the centre of each flower.


PAIN you can't "explain"

**Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.**

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . *why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets* with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, *safe* relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—*without the slightest "doping."* Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything *else* they've known.

*"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.*

★ *The secret is* Myzone's *amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound.* Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

A LEVER PRODUCT Z.139.26


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# BETTY GRABLE takes a Beauty Bath

Charming star of 20th Century Fox's "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

IT TAKES SMOOTH LOVELY SKIN TO PUT ANY GIRL ACROSS. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP DAILY. IT'S A REAL BEAUTY SOAP.

YOU WILL WANT TO TAKE THIS LOVELY STAR'S TIP. TRY THIS FINE, WHITE SOAP IN YOUR DAILY BEAUTY BATH AS A QUICK FRESH-ENER DURING THE DAY. IN A VERY SHORT TIME YOU'LL FIND YOUR SKIN SO MUCH LOVELIER, SMOOTHER, FLOWER-FRESH.

9 out of 10 Film Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

LT.134.1

## 20,000 MEN IN THIS TOWN—WHY ISN'T THERE ONE FOR ME?

Perspiration odour from underthings can kill your charm. And as well as being offensive to others, perspiration damages fragile silken threads. Lux it out the moment you take your pretties off! Lux keeps colours and fabrics new-looking longer.

SAVES UNDIES—SAFEGUARDS CHARM

A LEVER PRODUCT

U.149.1


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Don't let perspiration odour mar your precious dance time. Odorono safely checks perspiration for 1-3 days, and thus assures your personal freshness, and saves the charm of your dance frocks.

Odorono, tried and proved, the famous stand-by of well groomed women everywhere. Used and recommended by physicians.

Deodorant
ODO-RO-NO
PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE!

*Liquid Odorono . . . . . safe and sure*
*Odorono Cream . . . quick and easy to use*



## Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, a new, improved powder, sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey taste. Keeps breath sweet. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.


HE saw that for once I was listening to him, and made the most of his opportunity.

"They do say, Mr. Ford, that every stick's mortgaged to Garnet Price, like everything else round here, and when I say every stick," he lowered his voice, "I mean every stick. When the place is sold up Price'll get the lot and his money back—if he's lucky."

"What do you mean, if he's lucky?"

"Why, Mr. Ford, the place'll never bring what the man's lent on it. He's been mighty generous to Mahoney. Price isn't as hard as some think him, sir. Oh, I know Garnet Price, that I do." He began to laugh softly.

"I've always thought him a rather violent person," I ventured.

"Oh, so he is—so he is. Oh, very violent!"

He laughed as if he were saying a funny thing. "As soon knock you down as look at you, that's young Price. I wanted a horse once, Mr. Ford, needed it bad, and I made Price an offer. He asked more, but I said I couldn't go any higher. He said the horse was worth more, and he'd be whats-its-named if he'd take a penny less. He was very rude indeed. And next day the sent the horse over to my place as a present for the wife. The funny thing is it weren't the old woman's birthday for a full four months."

He took out his pipe and began to fill it. He was in reminiscent mood, and nothing could stop him.

"Why, once when he was a bit of a school kid, Mr. Ford, I saw him thrash the life out of another lad—bigger'n him, too. And then what did he do? Picked him up and took him into Sam Cotter's store and bought him a lump of almond rock 's big as his fist—and a bottle o' lemonade into the bargain. That's Garnet Price for you, Mr. Ford, for all his rough ways."

"A regular paragon," I commented.

"As to that, sir, I don't know," Gallagher said gravely. "I never did hear of Price going to any church, but his old man now and then used to be a Methodist."

I let it pass, and he puffed his pipe and rambled on: "No; he's got the whip hand with Mahoney has Garnet, and with the daughter, too, when her father dies, but he'll never use the lash."

I wished to hear no further eulogy of Price, and turned to some business papers in token of dismissal, but the garrulous old fool hadn't done. He stood, puffing his pipe complacently, and went on, inviting

# Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 27

questions: "Nice goings on at Baloola with this Boldini feller."

"Boldini! Who's he?"

"Queer fish, all right, Mr. Ford. I ain't seen him act, but I see his bills stuck up on Bourke's fence. He's a mind-reader."

"Stuff and nonsense," I retorted. "What will they believe next?"

"Now that I don't know," Gallagher said, as if he had knowledge of everything else. "But I do know this, sir. Everybody's talking about him in Baloola. Jim Fenton's got it all set out in the 'Banner.'"

He fished the rag from his pocket. Garnet Price, I knew, owned it lock, stock, and barrel, though I can't imagine he made anything out of it, for if ever there was a cheap sheet this was it. Fenton did the whole job from setting the type to working the hand-press. A boy delivered the copies.

I remember that in an effort to help I had sent Fenton an article once, and was surprised when it did not appear. I watched for a few issues to see if he had printed it, and then forgot about the thing. When I got home one day Mrs. Marven said: "I see you've been figuring in the 'Banner' this week," but, instead of the article I had expected, there was an offensive little three-line paragraph saying I had been in Baloola for a hair-cut.

THIS was true enough, for we had no barber in our town, but I considered the paragraph impertinent and offensive. I told Fenton so in no unmeasured terms when I next saw him, and he muttered some sort of an apolegy, and referred to my article, claiming it had been held over for lack of space, and making some vague reference to publishing it later.

I tossed the rag back to Gallagher. "I suppose Fenton's been paid to print the stuff," I said, but the old man looked dubious.

"I don't know," he said. "I only know this Boldini came right into the town, and told things about people he'd never seen in his life before. How do you make that out?"

"Fake," I said, shortly. "Just another charlatan."

"There's a lot o' things us don't understand, Mr. Ford," Gallagher said. "Why, they say there's talk of horseless carriages runnin' about city streets. D'you believe that?"

"Why," I said, "that's a definite possibility, of course. But you'll never see it here. Horses will be taking the mail buggy between here and Baloola long after you and I are dead."

"I do hope so, Mr. Ford," he observed, gravely. "I couldn't afford to lose me job, that I couldn't. Well, I'll be moving. You go and see this Boldini for yourself, Mr. Ford. He's sure to pop into the post office with a free ticket."

He went off unaware of the annoyance I felt at his impertinence in inferring I would bother my head about getting to see this charlatan's performance for nothing.

. . . . . .

Mahoney came home the next afternoon, and I called in the evening. Things did not go as I expected. Instead of showing me into the parlor Eileen took me to the sick room immediately, as though I were more interested in the old man, and fussed about him so that I scarcely got a chance to speak to her at all, let alone privately.

She had lost some of her healthy bloom, and I felt impatient with this inefficient old man who had permitted his home to fall into the hands of Garnet Price, and who was now monopolising the time of his daughter and robbing her of her charm. I sat, twiddling my thumbs by the sick bed, listening to Mahoney's platitudes.

It was all up with him, I gathered, and his death might be expected in a matter of weeks. The way he dwelt on the subject you'd have thought no one had ever died before.

It was gloomy enough in all conscience to have to listen to this without Mahoney persistently whining about what would have become of Eileen if I had not wanted her for wife. I saw he was hinting about the settlement, and, driven by his promptings during Eileen's temporary absence from the bedchamber, I made some half-hearted reference to the matter. He seized on it with avidity.

Eileen came back into the room at the moment, and he turned to her eagerly.

"My dear," he said, "we've just been discussing the marriage settlement Mr. Ford has promised. You know, my dear, how ill I am. I shall not be with you long." (Would the man ever forget it?) "And how happy it would make me to see you and Harry married before I go. Couldn't we arrange the whole thing now?"

I saw the flush mount to Eileen's cheek.

"But, Mr. Mahoney," I said, "Miss Eileen has not yet consented to be my wife."

"Not in words, maybe," he replied, and beckoned his daughter.

To be continued

*For Good Health*

Keep healthy — free from constipation — by taking Nyal Figsen, the gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative. Chew one or two Figsen tablets before going to bed to-night. In the morning Figsen acts — gently but thoroughly. Nyal Figsen is one of the 168 dependable Nyal Family Medicines sold by qualified chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

*Nyal Figsen*

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



fortuna cloth

## Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys, so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

**Help Kidneys Doctor's Way**

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical test and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily, saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

**Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back.**

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Treatment for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

**Cystex**



*Summer time is danger time!*

KILL FLIES and MOSQUITOES with

FLY-TOX



A GRAND SMOKE . .

20 for 1/8
10 for 10d.

# TURF

DON'T LET UP—Buy more and more 6d. War Savings Stamps.

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

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THE menace of fire is an ever-present danger to life and property. Damage and loss of property in Australia has been estimated to cause an average loss of £2,000,000 per annum, apart from cost in terms of human lives and suffering.

Fire is far from being mastered, but the Chemical Industry has greatly assisted fire fighting bodies in reducing its threat of death and devastation. Risk has been minimised by the provision of fire-proof building materials, improved insulation of electric wires and cables, non-inflammable cinema films, fire-proofed screens and curtains, non-flam cleaning solvents, chemical compounds for treating wood and textiles to make them fire resistant, and by research into the causes of explosions in coal mines and other industrial undertakings.

For the fire fighter, the chemist has built up an armoury of equipment. Asbestos uniforms and goggles. Extinguishers containing special ingredients to enable him to overcome outbreaks which water might only spread. These include carbon tetrachloride, which forms a smothering blanket of gas over the flames, and other extinguishers which eject a quenching stream immediately the contents are caused to mix.

Body burns too, can now be treated much more effectively with synthetic chemical compounds.

These are some of the products which chemical research and production has made available to the fire fighters of the nation in protecting life, property and great forests from an eternal enemy.

ICI

**IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES**

**OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED**

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